RAM-ALLEY:

Or

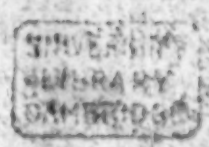
Syn. 7. 61. 242
~~XIV. 15. 88~~

Merrie-Trickes.

A COMEDY

Diuers times here-to-fore acted.

By



the Children

of

the Kings Reuels.

VVritten by *Lo: Barrey.*

AT LONDON

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Robert Wilson*,

and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Holborne,

at the new gate of Grayes Inne.

1611.

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The Prologue.

HOme-bred mirth our *Muſe* doth ſing,
The Satyret tooth and Waſpiſh ſting,
Which moſt do hurt when leaſt ſuſpected,
By this Play are not affected;
But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Sceanes,
Obſeruing all thoſe ancient ſtreames,
Which from the Horſe-foot fount do flow,
As Time, Place, Perſon, and to ſhow,
Things neuer done with that true life,
That thoughts and wits ſhall ſtand at ſtrife,
Whether the things now ſhewne be true,
Or whether we our ſelues now do
The things wee but preſent: if theſe,
Free from the loathſome ſtage diſeaſe,
(So ouer-worne, ſo tirde and ſtale,
Not Satyrizing but to raile,)
May win your fauours, and inherit
But calme acceptance for his merit:
A vowes by Paper, Pen and Inke,
And by the learned Siſters drinke,
To ſpend his Time, his Lamps, his Oyle,
And neuer ceaſe his braine to toyle,
Till from the ſilent houres of night,
Hee doth produce for your delight,
Conceits ſo new, ſo harmleſſe free,
That Puritans them-ſelues may ſee
A Play yet not in publike Preach,
That Players ſuch lewd doctrine teach
That their pure ioynts do quake and tremble,
When they doe ſee a man reſemb'e
The Picture of a Villaine: This
As hee a friend to Muſes is,
To you by mee a giues his word,
Is all his Play doth now affoord.

FINIS.

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Actorum nomina.

Sir Oliuer Smale-ſhankes.
Iuſtice Tutchin.
Thomas Smale-ſhankes.
William Smalſhankes.
Bomicher.
Lieftenant Beard.
Throte.
Captaine Face.
Daſh.
Three Gentlemen.
A Drawer.
Conſtable and Officers.

Women.

Lady Somnerfield,
Conſtantia Somerfield.
Francis.
Taffata.
Adriana.
Chamber-maide.

Ramme-Alley.

Actus 1. Scæna 1.

Enter Constantia *sola, with a letter in her hand.*

Const. IN this disguise, (ere scarce my mourning robes)
Could haue a generall note, I haue forsooke
My shape, my mother, and those rich demeanes,
Of which I am sole heyre: and now resolue,
In this disguise of Page to follow him,
Whose loue first caused me to assume this shape.
Lord how my feminine bloud stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches, me thinkes this cod-peece
Should betray mee: well, I will trye the worst,
Hether they say hee vsually doth come,
Whom I so much affect, what makes he heere,
In the skirts of *Holborne*, so neere the field,
And at a garden house, a has some punke
Vpon my life: no more heere he comes.

Enter Boutcher.

God saue you sir: your name vnlesse I erre,
Is maister *Thomas Boutcher*. *Bou.* 'Tis sweet boy. *Con. deliuers*
Con. I haue a letter for you. *Bou.* From whom ist, *the letter.*
Con. The inside sir will tell you; I shall see *hee reads it.*
What loue he beares me now. *Bou.* Th'art welcome boy.
How does the faire *Constantia Somerfield*,
My noble mistresse. *Con.* I left her in health.
Bou. Shee giues thee heere good words, and for her sake,
Thou shalt not want a maister, be mine for euer.
Con. I thanke you sir: now shall I see the Punke. *he knocks.*

Enter William Small-shanke.

W. Sm. Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you, what news,
Bout. You know my businesse well, I sing one song.
W. Sm. Foot, what would you haue me do, my land is gon,
My credit of lesse trust then Courtiers words,
To men of iudgment, and for my debts
I might deserue a Knight-hood; what's to be done?
The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe
To call me sonne; That little land a gaue,

Throte the Lawyer ſwallowed at one gob
For leſſe then halfe the worth:and for the Citty
There be ſo many raſcals,and tall yeomen
VVould hang vpon me for their maintenance,
Should I but peepe or ſtep within the gates,
That I am forſt onely to eaſe my charge,
To liue here in the ſuburbes: or in the towne
To walke in *Tenebris*. I tell you ſir,
Your beſt retired life is an honeſt Punke
In a thatcht houſe with Garlike: tell not mee,
My Punk's my Punke,and noble Letchery
Sticks by a man,when all his friends forſake him.

Bon. The Poxe it will,art thou ſo ſenceleſſe growne,
So much indeared to thy beſtiall luſt,
That thy originall worth ſhould lye extinct
And buried in thy ſhame? farre be ſuch thoughts
From ſpirits free and noble: begin to liue,
Know thy ſelfe,and whence thou art deriu'd,
I know that competent ſtate thy father gaue,
Cannot be yet conſum'd. W.S. 'Tis gon by heauen,
Not a denier is left. *Bon.* 'Tis impoſſible.

VV.S. Impoſſible zart,I haue had two ſuckers,
Able to ſpend the wealthy *Creſus* ſtore.

Enter Francis,

Bon. VVhat are they? VV.S VVhy a Lawyer & a VVhore,
See heere comes one,dooſt thinke this petti-coate,
A perfu'md ſmock,and twice a weeke a bathe,
Can be maintain'd with halfe a yeares reuenews
No by heauen,wee Annuall yonger brothers,
Muſt go to't by hole-ſale,by hole-ſale man
Theſe creatures are maintain'd: her very face
Has coſt a hundred pound. *Fra.* Sir,thanke your ſelfe.

Cou. They keepe this whore betwixt them. *Fra.* You know
I did inioy a quiet country life, (ſir,
Spotleſſe and free,till you corrupted mee,
And brought me to the Court,I neuer knew,
VVhat ſleeking,glaziug,or what preſſing meant,
Till you preferd me to your Aunt the Lady,
I knew no Iuorie teeth,no caps of heire,

No

No *Mercurie* water, *fucus*, or perfumes,
To helpe a Ladies breath, vntill your Aunt
Learnt me the common trick. *W.S.* The common trick
Say you, a poxe vpon such common tricks,
They will vndoe vs all. *Gou* And knowing this
Art thou so wilfull blind, still to persist
In ruine and defame? *W.S.* VVhat should I doe?
I'aue past my word to keepe this Gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her owne content.
And what is a Gentleman but his word.
Bou. Why let her goe to seruice. *W S.* To seruice,
Why so shee does, she is my Landeresse,
And by this light, no punie Inne a Court
But keepes a Landresse at his command
To doe him seruice, and shall not I, ha!
Fra. Sir, you are his friend (I loue him to)
Propound a course which may aduantage him,
And you shall finde such reall worth in me,
That rather then Ile liue his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state
The Citty yeelds, to giue me meanes of life.
W.S. Why ther's it, you heare her what she sayes,
VVould not he be damnd that should forsake her,
Sayes she not well, can you propound a course,
To get my forfit land, from yonder roague,
Parcell Lawyer, parcell Deuill, all Knaue,
Throate, throate. *Bou.* Not I. W.S. Why so, I thought as much,
You are like our Cittizens to men in need,
VVhich cry 'tis pitty, a propper Gentleman
Should want mony, yet not an vsuring slaue,
VVill lend him a denier, to helpe his wants,
VVill you lend me forty shillings. *Bou.* I will.
VV.S. VVhy God-amercy, there's some goodnesse in thee,
Youle not repent. *Bou.* I will not. W.S. With that money
I will redeeme my forfit land, and wed
My Coccattice to a man of worship,
To a man of worship by this light. *Bou.* But how?
VV. Thus: in Ramme-alley lies a fellow, by name
Throate; one that professeth law, but indeed

Has neither law nor conſcience, a fellow
That neuer ſaw the barre, but when his life
Was cald in queſtion for a cooſenage,
The Rogue is riche, to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir *Iohn Somerfield*. *Con.* How's that?
W. Is lately dead, and that my hopes ſtand faire
To get his onely daughter. If I ſpeed,
And haue but meanes to ſteale away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefeſt friend,
To entertaine vs till our nuptiall rites
May be accompliſht, and could you but procure
My elder brother meete me on the way,
And but aſſociate me vnto his houſe,
'Tweare hit ifaith, I'de giue my cunning *Throte*
An honeſt ſlit for all his tricks in lawe.
Bou. Why this ſhall be perform'd, take ther's my ſtore,
To friends all things are common. *W.S.* Then at the court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.
Bou. I will as carefully performe thy wiſh,
As if my fortunes lay vpon th'attempt.
W.S. When ſhall I heere from you. *Bou.* Within this houre
W S. Let me alone for the reſt, if I gull not
And go beyond my open throted lawyer,
For all his booke caſes of *Triceſimo nono*
And *Quaarageſſimo octano*; let mee
Like waiting Gentlewomen be euer bound,
To ſit vpon my heeles, and pick ruſhes,
Will you about this geere. *Bou.* With my beſt ſpeed.
W.S. Then fare you well, yole meete me. *Bou.* Without faile.
Exit. Bouch. and *Page.*
W.S. Adue: now you pernicious Coccatrice,
You ſee how I muſt skelder for your good,
Ile bring you where you ſhall haue meanes to cheate,
If you haue grace enough to apprehend it.
Fra. Beleeue me loue, how ere ſome ſtricter wits,
Condemne all women which are prone to loue,
And thinke that if their fauour fall on any,
By conſequence they muſt be naught with many,
And hold a falſe poſition, that a woman

False to her selfe, can trusty be to no man,
Yet know I say, how ere my life hath lost
The fame which my Virginity aspyr'd,
I will be true to thee, my deed shall mooue,
To win from all men pitty, if not loue.
W.S. Tut, I know thee a good rascall, lets in,
And on with all your neate and finest ragges.
On with your cloake and saue-gard, you arrant drab,
You must cheate without all conscience, filch for thee & me.
Do but thou act what I shall well contriue,
Weele teach my Lawyer a new way to thriue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistresse Tafata, *and* Adriana *her maid aboue.*

Taf. Come lou'd *Adriana* heere let vs sit,
And marke who passes; now for a wager,
What colourd bear'd comes next by the window?
Adr. A black mans I thinke. *Taf.* I thinke not so,
I thinke a redde, for that is most in fashion,
Lord how scarce is the world of propper men
And gallants; sure wee neuer more shall see
A good legge worne in a long silke stocking,
With a long cod-peece, of all fashions
That carried it ifaith, what's he goes by?

Enter a Cittizen.

Adri. A sniueling Cittizen, he is carrying ware, *Exit.*
Vnto some Ladies chamber: but who's this?

Enter T. Smal-shanke *reading a letter.*

Taf. I know him not, a lookes iust like a foole.
Adr. He's very braue a may be a Courtier,
Whats that a reads. *Taf.* Ah how light a treads
For durting his silke stockings, Ile tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish,
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan is louely, large and brawde,
Much like a Goose, your valiant generous nose,
A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose,
Your schollers nose is very fresh and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smels,
His choppes of mutton, in his dish of porrage.
Your Puritan nose is very sharpe and long,

And much like your widdows, and with eaſe can ſmell,
An edefying capon ſome fiue ſtreets off,

Enter Bouteher and Conſtantia.

Adr. O miſtris a very proper Gentleman,
Taf. And truſt me ſo it is, I neuer ſaw
A man that ſooner could captiue my thoughts
(Since I writ widdow) then this gentleman,
I would a would looke vp. *Adr.* Ile laugh ſo lowd
That he may heere me. *Taf.* Thats not ſo good.
Bou. And ſpake you with Maiſter *Smalſhanke*. *Con.* I did.
Bou. Will a meete his brother. *Con.* A ſaid a would,
And I beleeued him, I tell you maiſter
I haue done that for many of theſe gallants
That no man in this towne would do but I.
Bo. What is that boy. *Con.* Why truſt them on their words,
But will you heare the newes which now ſupplies,
The citty with diſcourſe. *Bou.* What is it wag.
Con. This ſir, they ſay ſome of our citty dames
Were much deſirous to ſee the Baboones
Doe their neweſt tricks, went, ſaw them, came home,
Went to bed, ſlept, next morning one of them,
Being to ſhift a ſmock, ſends downe her maide,
To warme her one, meane while ſhe gins to thinke
On the Baboones tricks, and naked in her bed
Begins to practiſe ſome, at laſt ſhe ſtroue,
To get her right leg ouer her head; thus:
And by her actiuity ſhe got it
Croſſe her ſhoulder: but not withall her power,
Could ſhe reduce it, at laſt much ſtrugling
Tumbles quite from the bed vpon the flower,
The maide by this return'd with the warme ſmock,
And ſeeing her miſtris throwne on the ground,
Truſt vp like a foote-ball, exclaimes, calls helpe,
Runnes downe amaz'd, ſweares that her miſtris neck
Is broke; vp comes her husband and neighbours,
And finding her thus trus'd, ſome flatly ſaid
She was bewitch, others ſhe was poſſeſt,
A third ſaid for her pride, the Diuell had ſet
Her face where her rumpe ſhould ſtand, but at laſt

Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
Helpes her; she a shamed; her hnsband amazed,
The neighbours laughing, as none forbeare,
She tells them of the fatall accident.
To which one answers, that if her husband
Would leaue his trade, and carry his wife about
To doe this tricke in publike, she'd get more gold
Then all the Baboones, Calues with two tailes,
Or motions what soeuer. *Bon.* You are a wag.
Taf. He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.
Adr. Shall I cough or sneeze. *Taf.* No I ha't stand a side,
Aye me my handkercher *Adrian*, *Fabian*. *Adr.* Mistris,
Taf. Runne, runne, I haue let my handkercher fall,
Gentleman shall I intreate a curtesie?
Bon. Within my power your beauty shall command.
What curtesie ist. *Taf.* To stoope and take vp,
My handkercher. *Bon.* Your desire is performd.
Taf. Sir most hearty thankes: please you come in
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.
Bon. I accept your curtesie, ha! whats this?
Assaild by feare and hope in a moment.
Boucher, this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedome: shall smiles and eyes
With their lasciuious glances conquer him
Hath still beene Lord of his affections?
Shall simpring nisenesse load-stones but to fooles,
Attract a knowing spirit? it shall, it dooes,
Not *Phœbus* rising from *Auroras* lap,
Spreds his bright raies with more maiestique grace,
Then came the glances from her quickning eye,
And what of this. *Con.* By my troth I know not.
Bon. I will not enter: continued flames burne strong,
I yet am free, and reason keepes her seate,
Aboue all fond affections, yet is she faire.

Enter Adrian.

Adr. Sir I bring you thankes for this great curtesie,
And if you please to enter I dare presume,
My mistrisse will affoord you gratious welcome.
Bon. How do men call your mistris. *Con.* The mans in loue,

Adr. Her name sir is Mistris *Changeable*, late wife
To maister *Tafata* Mercer deceast.
Bou. I haue heard she is both rich and beautifull,
Adr. In th'eyes of such as loue her, iudge your selfe,
Please you but prick forward and enter.
Con. Now will I fall a boord the waiting maide,
Adr. Fall a boord of me doost take me for a ship?
Con. I, and will shoote you betwixt wind and water.
Adr. Blurt maister gunner, your linstocks too short.
Con. Foote how did she know that, dost here sweet heart,
Should not the page be doing with the maid,
Whilst the maister is busie with the mistris,
Please you prick forwards, thou art a wench
Likely to goe the way of all flesh shortly.
Aar. Whose witty knaue art thou. *Con.* At your seruice.
Adr. At mine faith, I should breetch thee. *Con.* How breetch (me.
Adr. I breech thee, I haue breech'd a taler man,
Then you in my time, come in and welcome.
Con. Well I see now a ritch well-practis'd baud,
May purse more fees in a summers progresse,
Then a well traded lawyer in a whole terme,
Pandarisme! why, 't is growne a liberall science
Or a new sect, and the good professors
Will like the Brownist frequent grauell pits shortly,
For they vse woods and obscure holes already.

Enter Tafata and Boucher.

Not marry a widdow. *Bou.* No. *Taf.* And why?
Belike you thinke it base and seruant-like,
To feed vpon reuersion, you hold vs widdowes,
But as a pie thrust to the lower end
That hath had many fingers int before,
And is reseru'd for grose and hungry stomacks.
Bou. You much mistake me. *Taf.* Come in faith you do:
And let me tell you thats but ceremony,
For though the Pye bee broken vp before,
Yet sayes the prouerbe, the deeper in the sweeter.
And though a capons wings and legges be caru'd,
The flesh lefe with the rumpe I hope is sweet.
I tell you sir, I haue beene woed, and sued to,

By worthy Knights of faire demeanes: nay more,
They haue bin out of debt, yet till this houre,
I neither could endure, to be in loue
Or be beloued, but proferd ware is cheape.
Whats lawfull thats loathd, and things denied,
Are with more stronger appetite perlude:
I am too yeelding. *Bon.* You mistake my thoughts:
But know thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skild in vnknowne fate, then was,
The blind *Aetaian* Prophet, It was foretold,
A widdow should endanger both my life,
My soule, my lands, and reputation,
This checks my thoughts, and cooles th'essentiall fire,
Of sacred loue; more ardent in my brest
Then speech can vtter. *Taf.* A triuiall Idle iest,
Tis for a man, of your repute and note,
To credit fortune-tellers, a petty rogue,
That neuer saw fiue shillings in a heape,
Will take vpon him to diuine mens fate,
Yet neuer knowes himselfe shall dye a begger,
Or be hanged vp for pilfering table-cloaths,
Shirts and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges,
Tis meerely base, to trust them, or if there be,
A man in whom the *Delphick* God hath breath'd
His true diuining fire; that can foretell,
The fixt decree of fate, he likewise knowes,
What is within the euerlasting booke
Of Desteny decreed, cannot by wit,
Or mans Inuention be dissolued, or shund,
Then giue thy loue free scope, imbrace and kisse,
And to the distaffe sisters leane th'euent.
Bon. How powerfull are thair words whom we affect,
Small force shall need, to win the strongest sort,
If to his state the Captaine be perfidious,
I must intreate you licence my depart
For some few houres, *Taf.* Choose what you will of time,
There lyes your way. *Bon.* I will intreate her, stay.
Taf. Did you call sir. *Bon.* No. *Taf.* Then fare you well.
Bon. Who goes to loue, needs not a second Hell. *Exit. Taf.*

Taf. *Adriana*, makes a no stay. *Adr.* Mistris.
Taf. I prythee see if hee haue left the house,
Peepe close, see, but be not seene: is a gon.
Adr. No, has made a stand. *Taf.* I prethee keepe close.
Ad. Nay, keep you close, y'ad best *Taf.* What does he now?
Adr. Now a retires. *Bou.* O you much partiall gods!
Why gaue you men affections, and not a power
To gouerne them? what I by fate should shun,
I most affect, a widdow, a widdow.
Taf. Blowes the wind there. *Adr.* A ha, h'is in ifaith,
Yo'aue drawne him now within your purlews mistresse.
Bou. Tut I will not loue, my rationall
And better parts shall conquer blind affections,
Let passion children, or weake women sway,
My loue shall to my iudgment still obay.
Taf. What does he now? *Adr.* H'is gon. *Taf.* Gon *Adriana*.
Adr. A went his way, and neuer looke behind him.
Taf. Sure he's taken. *Adr.* A little sing'd or so,
Each thing must haue beginning, men must prepare
Before they can come on, and show their loues
In pleasing sort: the man will doe in time,
For loue good Mistresse is much like to waxe,
The more 'tls rub'd, it sticks the faster too,
Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
The moore a labours, still the deeper in.
Taf. Come, thou must helpe me now, I haue a trick
To second this beginning, and in the nick,
To strike it dead ifaith, women must woe,
When men forget what Nature leads them too.

Enter Throte the Lawyer from his study, bookes and bags of money on a Table, a chaire and cushion.

Thr. Chast *Phœbe*, *splende*; there's that left yet,
Next to my booke, *Claro micante Auro*,
I that's the soule of lawe: that's it, that's it,
For which the Buckrome bag must trudge all weathers:
Though scarcely fild with one poore replication,
How happy are we that we ioy the law,
So freely as we doe; not bought and sold,
But clearly giuen, without all base extorting,

Taking

Taking but bare ten Angels for a fee,
Or vpward: to this renown'd estate,
Haue I by indirect and cunning meanes,
In-wouen my selfe, and now can scratch it out,
Thrust at a barre, and cry my Lord as lowd,
As ere a lifted gowne man of them all.
I neuer plead before the honor'd bench,
But bench right-worshipfull of peacefull Iustices
And Country-Gentlemen, and yet I'aue found
Good gettings by the Masse, besides od cheates,
Will Small-shankes lands, and many garboyles more,
Dash. *Dash.* Sir. *Thr.* Is that reioynder done. *Da.* Done sir.
Thr. Haue you drawn't at length, haue you dasht it out,
According to your name. *Das.* Some seauen-score sheetes.
Thr. Is the demurror drawne twixt *Snip* and *Woodcock*,
And what do you say to *Peacocks* pittifull bill,
Das. I haue drawne his answer negatiue to all.
Thr. Negatiue to all. The plaintiue sayes,
That *William Goose*, was sonne to *Thomas Goose*,
And will a sweare the generall bill is false.
Das. A will. *Thr.* Then he forsweares his father, tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig to hell
Before our selues; has a paide all his fees.
Das. A left them all with me. *Thr.* Then trusse my points,
And how thinkst thou of law? *Das.* Most reuerently,
Law is the worlds great light, a second sunne,
To this terrestriall Globe, by which all things
Haue life and being, and without which
Confusion and disorder soone would seaze
The generall state of men, warres, outrages,
The vlcerous deeds of peace, it curbes and cures,
It is the kingdomes eye, by which shee sees
The acts and thoughts of men. *Thr.* The kingdomes eye,
I tell thee foole, it is the kingdomes nose,
By which she smels out all these rich transgressors,
Nor ist of flesh, but meerely made of wax,
And 'tis, within the power of vs Lawyers,
To wrest this nose of waxe which way we please:
Or it may be as thou saist an eye indeed.

But if it be, tis sure a womans eye *knocks within.*
Thats euer rowling. *Daf.* one knocks. *Thr.* Go see who tis,
Stay, my chaire, and gowne, and then go see who knocks,
Thus must I seeme a Lawyer which am indeed,
But meerly dregs and offcum of the Law, *Ent. Bou. Dash.*
Tricesimo primo Alberti Magni, *and Consta.*
Tis very cleere. *Bou.* God saue you sir.
Thr. The place is very pregnant, Maister *Boucher*;
Most harty welcome sir. *Bou.* You ply this geere,
You are no trewant in the law, I see.
Thr. Faith some hundred bookes in folio I haue
Turnd ouer to better my owne knowledge,
But that is nothing for a student.
Bou. Or a Stationer they turne them ouer too,
But not as you doe gentill Maister *Throte*,
And what? the Law speakes profit does it not?
Thr. Faith some bad angels haunt vs now and then,
But what brought you hether. *Bou.* Why these small legs,
Thr. You are concented sir. *Bou.* I am in Law,
But let that goe, and tell me how you doe,
How does *Will Smallshankes* and his louely bride.
Thr. Introth you make me blush, I should haue askt,
His health of you, but tis not yet too late.
Bou. Nay good sir *Throat* forbeare your quillets now.
Thr. By Heauen I deale most plaine, I saw him not,
Since last I tooke his Morgage. *Bou.* Sir be not nice,
(Yet I must needs herein commend your loue)
To let me see him; for know I know him wed,
And that a stole away *Sommersields* heire,
Therefore suspect me not I am his friend.
Thr. How wed to ritch *Sommersields* onely heyre,
Is old *Sommersield* dead? *Bou.* Do you make it strange?
Thr. By heauen I know it not. *Bou.* Then am I greeued
I spake so much (but that I know you loue him)
I should intreat your secresie sir, fare you well.
Thr. Nay good sir stay, if ought you can disclose
Of Maister *Smale-shankes* good, let me partake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.
Bou. You much indeere him sir, and from your loue,

I dare

I dare presume you make your selfe a fortune
If his faire hopes proceed. *Thr.* Say on good sir.
Bou. You will be secret. *Thr.* Or be my tongue torne out,
Bou. Measure for a Lawyer, but to the point,
Has stole *Somerfields* heyre hether a brings her
As to a man on whom a may relye
His life and fortunes: you hath a named
Already for the Steward of his lands,
To keepe his Courts, and to collect his rent,
To let out Leases and to raise his fines,
Nothing that may, or loue, or profit bring,
But you are named the man. *Thr.* I am his slaue,
And bound vnto his noble curtesie,
Euen with my life, I euer said a would thriue,
And I protest I kept his forfeit morgage,
To let him know what tis to liue in want.
Bour. I thinke no lesse, one word more in priuate.
Con. Good Maister *Dash*, shall I put you now a case.
Dash. Speake on good Maister *Page*. *Con.* Then thus it is,
Suppose I am a Page, he is my Maister,
My Maister goes to bed and cannot tell
What money's in his hose, I ere next day
Haue filcht out some, what action lyes for this.
Dash. An action boy, cald firking the Posteriors,
With vs your action sildome comes in question:
For that tis knowne that most of your Gallants
Are sildome so well stor'd, that they forget
What money's in their hose, but if they haue,
There is no other kelpe then sweare the page
And put him to his oath. *Con.* Then fecks-law,
Dost thinke that he has conscience to steale,
Has not a conscience likewise to deny.
Then hang him vp ifaith. *Bou.* I must meet him,
Thr. Commend me to them, come when they will,
My doores stand open and all within is theirs,
And though Ramme-alley stinks with Cookes and Ale,
Yet say ther's many a worthy lawyers chamber,
Buts vpon Ram-alley, I haue still an open throte,
If ought I haue which may procure his good,

Bid him command, I, though it be my blood. *Ex.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Oliuer Smaleſhanke, Tho: Smaleſhanke.

S.*Oli.* Is this the place you were appointed to meete him.
*Th.*S. So *Boutcher* ſent me word. S.*O.* I find it true,
That wine, good newes, and a yong holſome wench
Cheere vp an old mans blood, I tell thee boy,
I am right harty glad, to heare thy brother
Hath got ſo great an heire; now were my ſelfe,
So well beſtowed I ſhould reioyce ifaith.
*T.*S. I hope you ſhall do well. S.*O.* No doubt, no doubt,
A ſirra has a borne the wench away.
My ſonne ifaith, my very ſonne ifaith,
When I was yong and had an able back,
And wore the briſſell on my vpper lippe,
In good *Decorum* I had as good conuayance,
And could haue ferd, and ferkt y'away a wench,
As ſoone as eare a man aliue; tut boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, ſmyles and other quirkes,
Noe Courtier like me, your Courtiers all are fooles,
To that which I could doe, I could haue done it boy.
Euen to a hare, and that ſome Ladies know,
*Th.*S. Sir I am glad this match may reconcile,
Your loue vnto my brother. S*i*.O. Tis more then ſo.
Ile ſeeme offended ſtill though I am glad.

Enter W.Smalſhanke, Franci, Beard booted.

Has got rich S*ommer-fields* heyre. *W.*S. Come wench of gold,
For thou ſhalt get me gold, beſides odde ends
Of ſiluer: weele purchaſe houſe and land,
By thy bare gettings, wentch, by thy bare gettings,
How ſaieſt Lieftenant B*eard*, does ſhe not looke
Like a wench newly ſtole from a window?
B*eard*. Exceeding well ſhe carries it by *Ioue*,
And if ſhe can forbeare her Rampant trick,
And but hold cloſe a while 'twill take by *Mars*.
Fra. How now you ſlaue? my rampant tricks you rogue,
Nay feare not me my onely feare is ſtill,

Thy

Thy filthy face betrayes vs, for all men know,
Thy nose stands compasse like a bow,
VVhich is three quarters drawne, thy head
Which is with greasy haire ore-spred,
And being vncurld and black as cole,
Doth show some scullion in a hole
Begot thee on a Gipsie, or
Thy mother was some Colliers whore:
My rampant tricks you rogue, thou't be descride
Before our plot be ended. W.S. What should descry him,
Vnlesse it be his nose? and as for that;
Thou maist protest a was thy fathers butler,
And for thy loue is likewise runne away,
Nay sweet Lieftenant now forbeare to puffe,
And let the brissels of thy beard grow down-ward,
Reuerence my Punke and Pandarize a little,
Ther's many of thy ranke that doe professe it,
Yet hold it no disparagment. *Bea.* I shall doe,
VVhat fits an honest man. *Wi.* S. VVhy thats enough,
Foote my Father, and the goose my brother,
Back you two. *Bea.* Back. W.S. Retire sweet Leiutenant,
And come not on, till I shall waue you on.
S.O, Is not that he. *T.S,* Tis he. S.O. But wheres the
W.S, It shalbe so, Ile cheate him thats flat.
S.Ol. You are well met, know yee me good sir,
Belike you thinke I haue no eyes, no eares,
No nose to smell, and winde out all your tricks,
Y'haue stole sir *Somerfields* heire, nay we can finde,
Your wildest paths, your turnings and returnes,
Your traces, squats, the mussers, formes and holes,
You yongmen vse, if once our sagest wits
Be set a hunting, are you now crept forth,
Haue you hid your head within a suburbe hole
All this while, and are you now crept forth?
W.S. 'Tis a starke lye. *S.Ol.* How? W.S. who told you so
Foote, a Gentleman cannot leaue the Citty (did lye,
And keepe the suburbs to take a little Phisick,
But straite some slaue will say he hides his head;
I hide my head within a suburbe hole,

I could haue holes at Court to hide my head,
Were I but ſo diſpoſd. *Sir Ol.* Thou varlet knaue,
T'haſt ſtolne away Sir *Iohn Somerfields* heire,
But neuer looke for countenance from me,
Carry her whether thou wilt. *W.S.* Father, father,
Zart will you vndoe your poſterity.
Will you ſir vndoe your poſterity?
I can but kill my brother, then hang my ſelfe,
And where is then your houſe, make me not diſpare,
Foote now I haue got a wench, worth by the yeare
Two thouſand pound and vpwards, to croſſe my hopes:
Would ere a clowne in Chriſtendom doo't but you.
Th.S. Good Father, let him leaue this thundring,
And giue him grace. *W.S.* Why law, my brother knowes
Reaſon, and what an honeſt man ſhould doe. (behind,
S. Ol. Well, where's your wife. *W.S.* Shees comming here
S.Ol. Ile giue her ſome-what, though I loue not thee,
W.S. My father right, I knew you could not hold,
Out long with a woman, but giue ſome-thing
Worthy your gift and her acceptance father,
This chaine were excellent by this good light,
Shee ſhall giue you as good, if once her lands

Enter Francis, Beard.

Come to my fingring. *S.O.* Peace knaue, whats ſhe your wife?
W.S. That ſhall be ſir. *S.Ol.* And whats he. *W.S.* My man.
S.Ol. A Ruffian Knaue a is. *W.S.* A Ruffian ſir,
By heauen, as tall a man as ere drew ſword,
Not being counted of the damned crew,
A was her fathers Butler, his name is *Beard*,
Of with your Maſke, now ſhall you finde me true.
And that I am a ſonne vnto a Knight,
This is my father. *S.Ol.* I am indeed faire maide,
My ſtile is Knight: come let me kiſſe your lips.
W.S. That kiſſe ſhall coſt your chaine. S.O. It ſmacks ifaith,
I muſt commend your choiſe, *Fra.* Sir I haue giuen
A larger venture then true modeſty
Will well allow, or your more grauer wit
Commend. W.S. I dare be ſworne ſhe has. S. *Ol.* Not ſo.
The fooliſh knaue ha's beene accounted wilde,

And ſo haue I, but I am now come home,
And ſo will he. *Fra.* I muſt beleeue it now.
W.S. Beg his chaine wench. *Be.* Wil you cheat your father?
W.S. I by this light will I. *S.Ol.* Nay ſigh not,
For you ſhall finde him louing and me thankfull:
And were it not a ſcandall to my honour,
To be conſenting to my ſonnes attempt,
You ſhould vnto my houſe, meane while take this,
As pledge and token of my after loue:
How long ſince dyed your father. W.S. Some ſix weeks ſince.
We cannot ſtay to talke, for ſlaues purſue,
I haue a houſe ſhall lodge vs till the Prieſt
May make vs ſure. *S.Ol.* Well ſirra, loue this woman,
And when you are man and wife, bring her to me,
Shee ſhall be welcome. W.S. I humbly thanke you ſir.
S.Ol. I muſt be gone, I muſt a wooing too.
W.S. *Ioue* and *Priapus* ſpeed you, youle returne.
Exit Sir Oliuer and Thom: Small-ſhanke.
Th.S. Inſtantly W.S. Why this came cleanly off,
Giue me the chaine, you little Cockatrice,
Why this was luck, foote foure hundred crownes,
Got at a clap, hold ſtill your owne you whore,
And we ſhall thriue. *Bea.* Twas brauely fercht about.
W.S. I, when will your noſe and beard performe as much.
Fra. I am glad he is gon, a put me to the bluſh,
When a did aske me of ritch *Somerfields* death.
W.S. And tooke not I my q: waſt not good,
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
Without a counterbuffe? looke who comes heere,
And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men bee wee a.
Enter Boucher and Conſtantia.
Bou. Still in this vaine, I haue done you ſeruice,
The Lawyers houſe will giue you entertainment,
Bountifull and free. W.S. O my ſecond ſelfe,
Come let me buſſe thy beard, we are all made,
Why art ſo melancholly, dooſt want money?
Looke heer's gold, and as we paſſe along,
Ile tell thee how I got it, not a word

But that shee's *Somersfields* heyre, my brother
Swallowes it with more ease, then a Dutchman
Does slap-Dragons: a comes, now to my Lawyers:

Enter T. Smalshanke.

Kisse my wife, good brother; shee is a wench
Was borne to make vs all. *Th.S.* I hope no lesse,
Yo'are welcome sister into these our parts,
As I may say. *Fra.* Thankes gentle brother.
W.S. Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lye,
Till I prouide a Priest. *Bon.* O villany!
I thinke a will gull his whole generation,
I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,
Ile not forsake him, till his hopes be wonne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Throte, and two Cittizens.

Thr. Then y'are friends. *Both.* We are, so please your worship.
Thr. 'Tis well, I am glad, keepe your mony, for law
Is like a Butlers box: while you two strine,
That picks vp all your mony, you are friends,
Both. We are so please you, both perfit friends. *Th.* Why so,
Now to the next Tap-house, there drinke downe this,
And by the opperation of the third pot,
Quarrell againe, and come to me for law:
Fare you well. *Both.* The Gods conserue your wisdom. *E. Cit.*
Thr. Why so, these are tricks of the long fifteenes,
To giue counsell, and to take fees on both sides,
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them,
Why this thriues well, this is a common trick:
When men haue spent a deale of mony in law,
Then Lawyers make them friends: I haue a trick
To go beyond all these, if *Small-shanke* come
And bring rich *Somersfields* heyre, I say no more,
But 'tis within this skonse to goe beyond them.

Enter Dash.

Das. Here are Gentlemen in hast would speake with you.
Thr. VVhat are they? *Das.* I cannot know them sir,
They are so wrapt in Cloakes. *Thr.* Haue they a woman?
Das. Yes sir, but shee's Maskt, and in her riding sute.
Thr. Goe, make hast, bring them vp with reuerence,
Oh are they i faith, has brought the wealthy heire:

Theſe ſtooles and cuſhions ſtand not handſomly.

Enter William Smalſhanke, Boutcher, Thomas Smalſhanke, Francis and Beard.

W.S. Bleſſe thee *Throte*. *Thr.* Maiſter *Smalſhanke* welcome.
VV.S. Welcome loue, kiſſe this Gentlewoman, *Throte*,
Thr. Your worſhip ſhall command me. *W.S.* Art not weary.
Bou. Can you blame her ſince ſhe has rid ſo hard?
Thr. You are welcome Gentlemen,—Daſh. *Daſ.* Sir.
Thr. A fire in the great chamber, quickly.
VV.S. I that's well ſaid, we are almoſt weary,
But Maiſter *Throte*, if any come to inquire
For me, my brother, or this Gentlewoman,
VVe are not here, nor haue you heard of vs.
Thr. Not a word ſir, heere you are as ſafe
As in your fathers houſe. *T.S.* And he ſhall thanke you.
W.S. Th'art not merry loue, good maiſter *Throte*
Bid this Gentlewoman welcome: ſhe is one
Of whom you may receiue ſome courteſie
In time. *Thr.* She is moſt harty welcome,
VVilt pleaſe you walke into another roome.
VVhere is both bed and fire, *VV.Sm.* I, I, that that
Good brother lead her in, Maiſter *Throte* and I
VVill follow inſtantly, now Maſter *Throte* *Exit.*
It reſts within your power to pleaſure me,
Know that this ſame is ſir *Iohn Somerfields* Heire,
Now if ſhe chance to queſtion what I am,
Say ſonne vnto a Lord, I pray thee tell her
I haue a world of land, and ſtand in hope
To bee created Barron, for I proteſt
I was conſtrain'd to ſweare it forty times,
And yet ſhee'le ſcarce beleeue me. *Thr. Pauca ſapienti,*
Let me alone to ſet you out in length
And breadth: VV.S. I prethee doo't effectually:
Shat haue a quarter ſhare by this good light,
In all ſhe has, I prethee forget not
To tell her the *Smal-ſhankes* haue beene dancers,
Tilters, and very antient Courtiers,
And in requeſt at Cout ſince ſir *Iohn Short-hoſe*.
VVith his long ſilke ſtockings was beheaded,

VVilt

Wilt thou do this? *Thr.* Referre it to my care.
W.Sm. Excellent, Ile but shift my bootes, and then
Goe seeke a Priest, this night I will be sure.
If we be sure, it cannot be vndone,
Can it Master *Throte*? *Thr.* O sir not possible:
You haue many Presidents and booke Cases for't,
Bee you but sure and then let me alone.
Viuat Rex, currat Lex, and Ile defend you.
W.S. Nay then hang care, come lets in. *Thr.* A ha,
Haue you stole her, *fallere fallentem non est fraus*. *Exit* W.S.
It shall goe hard but I will trip you boy.
You stole the wench, but I must her inioy.
Enter Mistris Taffata, Adriana, below,
Come *Adriana*, tell me what thou think'st,
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom think'st thou (for me) the fittest husband,
What saist thou to yong *Boucher*. *Adri.* A pretty fellow.
But that his back is weake. *Taf.* VVhat doost thou say
To *Throte* the Lawyer? *Adri.* I like that well,
VVere the Rogue a Lawyer, but he is none,
Hee neuer was of any Inne-of-court;
But Inne of Chancery, where a was knowne,
But onely for a swaggering whyfler,
To keepe out rogues, and prentises, I saw him,
VVhen a was stockt for stealing the cookes lees.
A Lawyer I could like, for tis a thing,
Vsed by you Cittizens wiues, your husbands dead;
To get french hoods you straight must Lawyers wed.
Taff. What saist thou then to Nimble Sir *Oliu. Smal-shank*
Adr. Faith he must hit the haire: a fellow fit,
To make a pritty Cuckold. take an old man,
Tis now the newest fashion, better be
An old mans darling then a young mans warling,
Take me the old briske knight, the foole is ritch,
And will be strong enough to father children,
Though not to get them. *Taff.* Tis true he is the man,
Yet will I beare some dozen more in hand,
And make them all my gulls, *Adr.* Mistris stand aside.
Enter Boucher, and Constantia,

Young

Young *Boutcher* comes, let me alone to touch him,
Bou. This is the house. *Con.* And thats the chamber-maide.
Bou. VVhers the widdow gentle *Adriana.*
Adr. The VViddow sir is not to be spoken to,
Bou. Not spoke to, I must speake with her. *Adr.* must you?
Come you with authority, or do you come
To sue her with a warrant that you must speake with her.
Bou. I would intreat it. *Adr.* O you would intreat it,
May not I serue your turne, may not I vnfold,
Your secrets to my Mistris, loue is your sute,
Bou. It is faire creature. *Adr.* And why did you fall off
VVhen you pereiued my mistris was so cunning,
D'you thnike she is still the same. *Bou.* I doe. *Adr.* VVhy so,
I tooke you for a nouice: and I must thinke,
You know not yet the inwardes of a woman,
Doe you not know that wowen are like fish,
VVhich must be strooke when they are prone to bite,
Or all your labours lost, but sir walke here.
And Ile informe my Mistris your desires, (boy
Con. Maister *Bou.* boy. *Con.* come not you for loue, *Bou.* I do
Co. And you would haue the widdow. *Bo* I would *Co* by *loue,*
I neuer saw one goe about his busines
More vntowardly: why sir, do not you know,
That he which would be inward with the Mistris
Must make a way first through the waiting mayde?
If youle know the widdowes affections
Feele first the waiting Gentle-woman, do it Maister,
Some halfe a dozen kisses were not lost,
Vppon this Gentle-woman, for you must know,
These waiting maides are to their mistresses
Like Porches vnto doores, you passe the one
Before you can haue entrance at the other.
Or like your musterd to your peece of brawne,
If youle haue one tast well you must not skorne
To be dipping in the other, Itell you Maister
Tis not a few mens tales which they preferre,
Vnto their Mistresses in compasse of a yeare,
Be ruld by me, vntrusse your selfe to her,
Out with all your loue-sicke thoughtes to her,

Kisse her and giue her an angell to buy pinnes,
And this shall sooner winne her Mistris loue,
Then all your protestations, sighes and teares,
Enter Taffata, Adriana.
Here they comes to her bouldly Maister,
Doe, but dally nor, thats the widdowes phrase,
Bou. Most worthy faire such is the power of loue,
That now I come t'accept your profered grace:
And with submissiue thoughtes t'entreat a pardon,
For my so grosse neglect. *Taff.* Thers no offence,
My mind is changed. *Adr.* I told you as much before,
Con. With a hey passe with a repasse. *Bou.* Deerest of women,
The constant vertue of your nobler mind,
Speakes in your lookes: Nor can you entertaine
Both loue and hate at once. *Taff.* Tis all in vaine, (Maister
Adr. You striue against the streame. *Co.* Fee the waiting maid
Bou. Stand thou propitious, indeere me to my loue
Boutcher giues Adriana his purse secretly.
Adr. Deere Mistresse turne to this Gentleman. I protest,
I haue some seeling of his constant loue,
Cast him not away; try his loue. *Taf.* Why sir,
With what audatious front can you intreat
To inioy my loue, which yet not two howers since,
You scornefully refus'd. *Con.* Wel fate the waiting maide.
Bou. My fate compeld me but now farewell fond feare,
My soule, my life, my lands, and reputation,
Ile hazard all and prize them all beneath thee.
Taff. which I shall put to triall, lend me thy eare,
Adr. Can you loue boy. *Co.* Yes, *Ad.* what or whom. *Co.* My
Adr. A pretty knaue, isfaith come home to night, (victuals
Shalt haue a posset and candi'd Eringoes,
A bed if need be to, I loue a life,
To play with such Baboones as thou. *Con.* indeed?
But doost thou thinke the widdow will haue my maister.
Ad. Ile tel thee then, wo't come. *Con.* I wil. *Ad.* Remember
Taff. Wil you performe so much. *Bou.* Or loose my bloud.
Taff. Make him subscribe it, and then I vow,
By sacred *Vestaes* euer hallowed fire,
To take thee to my bed, *Bou.* Til then farewell. (*Exe.*
Taff.

Taff. Hees worthy loue whose vertues most excell.
Adr. Remember, what ist a match betwixt you Mistresse?
Taff. I haue set the foole in hope, h'as vndertooke
To rid me of that fleshly Captaine *Face.*
Which sweares in tauernes and all ordinaries,
I am his lawfull wife: he shall allay,
The fury of the Captaine, and I secure,
Will laugh at the disgrace they both indure. (Ex.

Enter Toroate and Francis.

Thr. Open your case and I shall soone resolue you.
Fra. But will you doe it truely, *Th.* As I am honest.
Fra. This Gentleman whom I so much affect,
I scarsly yet doe know, so blind is loue
In thinges which most concernes it. As y'are honest,
Tell me his birth, his state, and fartherst hopes
Thr. He is my friend and I will speake him truely.
He is by birth, sonne to a foolish Knight,
His present state I thinke wil be the prison,
And farthest hope to be baild out againe,
By sale of al your land, *Fra.* O me accurst,
Has a no credit Lands and Mannors:
Thr, That lands he has lies in a faire Churchyard,
And for his manners they are so rude and vile,
That scarse an honest man wil keepe him company,
Fra. I am abused coosned and deceiued.
Thr Why thats his occupation: hee will cheate,
In a cloake lin'd with Velues, a wil prate
Faster then fiue Barbers, and a Taylor.
Ly faster then ten Citty occupiers,
Or cunning tradsmen: goes a trust
In euery Tauerne, where has spent a fagot,
Sweares loue to euery whoore, squires baudes,
And takes vp houses for them as their husband
A is a man I loue and haue done much
To bring him to preferment. *Fra.* Is there no trust,
No honnesty in men *Thr.* Faith some there is,
And tis all in the hands of vs Lawyers
And women: and those women which haue it,
Keepe their honesty so close, that not one,

Amongst a hundred is perceiued to haue it.
Fra. Good sir, may I not by law forsake him
And wed another, though my word be past
To be his wife. *Thr.* O questionlesse you may,
You haue many Presidents and booke-cases for't,
Nay, though you were married by a booke-case,
Of *Milesimo sexcentesimo, &c.*
You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Prouided that some fault be in the husband:
As none of them are cleare. *Fra.* I am resolu'd,
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.
Thr. All that I haue is yours, and were I worthy
To be your husband. *Fra.* I thanke you sir,
I will rather wed a most perfidious Redshanke,
A noted Iewe, or some Mechanick slaue,
Then let him ioy my sheets. *Thr.* A comes, a comes.

Enter W. Smal. Boutcher, T. Smal. Beard.

W.S. Now my Virago, 'tis done, all's cock-sure,
I haue a Priest will mumble vp a marriage,
Without bell, booke, or candle, a nimble slaue,
An honest VVelsh-man that was a Taylor,
But now is made a Curate. *Bea.* Nay y'are fitted.
Bou. Now maister *Throte*. *T.S.* VVhere's your spirit sister?
VV.S. VVhat all *amort*? whats the matter? do you heere?
Bou. VVhat's the reason of this melancholly?
Thr. By heauen I know not. *VV.S.* Has the gudgin bit.
Fra. He has beene nibling. *VV.S.* Hold him to it wench,
And it 'twill hit by heauen: why art so sad?
Foote wench we will be married to night,
VVeele sup at th'Myter, and from thence
My brother and we three will to the Sauoy,
VVhich done, I tell thee girle, weele hand ore head,
Goe to't pell mell for a Maiden-head,
Come yo are lusty, you wenches are like bells,
You giue no musick, till you feele the clapper,
Come *Throte* a torch, we must be gon. *Fra.* Seruant. *Exit.*
Bea. Mistris. *Fra.* VVe are vndone. *Bea.* Now *Ioue* forfend.
Fra. This fellow has no land; and which is worse,
Hee has no credit. *Bear.* How are we out-stript,

Blowne vp by wit of man: Let vs be gone
Home againe, home againe, our market now is done.
Fra. That were too great a ſcandall. *Thr.* Moſt true,
Better to wed another then to returne
With ſcandall and defame: wed me a man
Whoſe wealth may reconcile your mothers loue,
And make the action lawfull. *Bea.* But where's the man?
I like your councell, could you ſhow the man.
Thr. My ſelfe am he, might I but dare aſpire
Vnto ſo high a Fortune. *Bea.* Miſtriſſe, take the man,
Shall we be baffled with faire promiſes,
Or ſhall we trudge, like beggers back againe,
No, take this wiſe and vertuous man,
Who ſhould a loſe his legges, his armes, his eares,
His noſe, and all his other members,
Yet if his tongue be left 'twill get his liuing,
Take me this man. *Thr.* Thankes gentle maiſter *Beard.*
Fra. 'Tis impoſſible, this night he meanes to wed mee.
Thr. If not by law, we will with power preuent it,
So you but giue conſent. *Fra.* Lets heere the meanes.
Thr. Ile muſter vp my friends, and thus I caſt it,
Whilſt they are buſie, you and I will hence
Directly to a Chappell, where a Prieſt
Shall knit the nuptiall knot ere they perſue vs.
Bea. O rare inuention, Ile act my part,
A owes me thirteene pound, I ſay no more,
But there be catch-poles: ſpeake iſt a match.
Fra. I giue my liking. *Thr.* Daſh. *Daſ.* Sir. *Thr.* Get your ſword
And me my buckler, nay you ſhall know
We are *Tam marti quam mercurio*,
Bring my cloake, you ſhall thether, Ile for friends,
VVorſhip and wealth the Lawyers ſtate attends.
Daſh, we muſt beare ſome braine, to *Saint Iohns ſtreete*,
Goe runne, flye: and a farre off enquire,
If that the Lady *Somerfield* be there,
If there, know what newes, and meete me ſtraite
At the Myter doore in Iuie-lane-ſtreete, away,
To get rich wiues, men muſt not vſe delay.

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

Enter Sir Oliuer Smalshanke, Iustice Tutchin.

Iu Tu. A hunting Sir *Oliuer* and drye-foote to,
S.Ol. We old men haue our crotchets, our conundrums,
Our legares, quirks and quibibles,
As wel as youth. *Iustice Tutchin* I goe,
To hunt no Buck, but prick a lusty Doe,
I goe in truth a wooing. *I.T.* Then ride with me,
Ile bring you to my sister *Somerfield.*
S.Ol. Iustice not so by her there hangs a Tale.
I.Tu. Tha'ts true indeed. *S.Ol.* She has a daughter.
I.Tu. And what of that *S.Ol.* I likewise haue a sonne,
A villanous Boy, his father vp and downe,
What should I say, these Veluet bearded boyes
will still be doing, say what we old men can.
I.Tu. And what of this Sir *Oliuer*, be plaine,
S.*Ol.* A nimble spirited knaue, the villaine boy,
Has one tricke of his sier, has got the wench.
Stolne your rich Sisters heire. *I.Tu. Somer-fields* heire,
S.Ol. Has done the deed, has peirst the vessells head,
And knowes by this the vintage, *I.Tu.* when should this be,
S. Ol. As I am by my counsell well informed,
This very day, *I.Tu.* Tut it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maide last night.
S.*Ol.* Maides may be maides to night and not to morrow.
Women are free and sell their maiden-heads,
As men sell cloath by yard and handfull,
But if you chance to see your Sister widdow,
Comfort her teares and say her daughters matcht.
With one that has a knocker to his father,
An honest Noble Knight. I. *Tu.* Stand close Knight, close,
And marke this Captaines humor, his name is *Puffe.*
A dreames as a walkes, and thinkes no woman

Enter Captaine Puffe.

Sees him but is in loue with him. *Pu.* T'were braue,
If some great Lady through a window spied me,
And straight should loue me, say she should send,
5000. pound vnto my Lodging.

And

And craue my company: with that mony,
I would make three ſeuerall cloakes, and line them
With black, Crimſon, and Tawny three pyl'd veluet;
I would eate at *Chares* Ordinary, and dice
At *Antonies*: then would I keepe my whore,
In beaten veluet, and haue two ſlaues to tend her.
S.O. Ha, ha, ha. *Puf.* What my caſe of Iuſtices,
What are you eaues-dropping, or doe you thinke,
Your tawny coates with greſie facings here,
Shall carry it? Sir *Oliuer Smal-ſhankes*,
Know my name is *Puffe*, knight, thee haue I ſought,
To fright thee from thy wits. *I. Tu.* Nay good Sir *Puffe*,
Wee haue too many mad men already.
Puff. How? I tell thee Iuſtice *Tuchim*, not all
Thy Bayliſes, Sergants, buſie Conſtables,
Deſeſants, warrants, or thy Mittimuſſes,
Shall ſaue his throte from cutting, if he preſume,
To woe the widdow eclipped *Taffata*,
Shee is my wife by oth. Therefore take heed,
Let me not catch thee in the widdowes houſe,
If I doe, Ile pick thy head vpon my ſword,
And piſſe in thy very viſnomy, beware, beware.
Come there no more, a Captains word,
Flies not ſo fierce as doth his fatall ſword, *Exit Puffe.*
S.O. How like you this, ſhall we indure this thunder,
Or goe no further. *I. Tu.* We will on Sir *Oliuer*,
We will on, let me alone to touchim,
I wonder how my ſpirit did forbeare,
To ſtrike him on the face: had this beene ſpoke,
Within my Liberties, had dyed for it.
Enter Cap. Puffe.
S.O. I was about to draw. *Puff.* If you come there,
Thy beard ſhall ſerue to ſtuffe, thoſe balls by which
I get me heat at Tenice, *I. Tu.* Is he gon. *Exit Puffe.*
I would a durſt a ſtood to this awhile,
Well I ſhall catch him in a narrow roome,
Where neither of vs can flinch; If I do,
Ile make him dance a trenchmoore to my ſword.
Come Ile along with you to the widdow.

We will not be out-braued, take my word,
Weele not be wrongd while I can draw a ſword. *Exit.*

Enter Throate and other Gentlemen

Thr. Let the Coach ſtay at ſhowlane end: be ready,
Let the booſe ſtand open and when ſhe's in:
Hurry towards Saint *Giles* in the field,
As if the Diuell himſelfe were waggoner,
Now for an arme of oake, and herat of ſteele,
To beare away the wench, to get a wife,
A gentlewoman, a maide, nay which is more,
An honeſt maide, and which is moſt of all,
A ritch and honeſt maide: *O Ioue O Ioue,*
For a man to wed ſuch a wife as this,
Is to dwell in the ſurburbs of Heauen,
1. *Gen.* Is ſhe ſo exqueſite. *Thr.* Sir ſhe is ritch,
And a great heire 2. *Gen.* Tis the more daugerous,
Thr. Dangerous Lord where be thoſe gallant ſprites,
The time has beene when ſcarſe an honneſt woman,
Much leſſe a wench could paſſe an Inne of court,
But ſome of the fry would haue beene dooing,
With her: I knew the day when Shreds a Taylor,
Comming once late by an Inne of Chancerie;
Was laid along, and muſled in his cloake,
His wife tooke in, Stycht vp, turnd out againe,
And he perſwaded all was but in ieſt,
Tut thoſe braue boyes are, gone, theſe which are leſt,
Are wary lads, liue poring on their bookes,
And giue their lynnen to their landreſſes,
By tayle, they now can ſaue their purſes,
I knew when euery gallant had his man,
But now a twelue-peny weekely Landreſſe,
Will ſerue the turne to halfe a dozen of them,

Enter Daſh.

Here comes my man what newes. *Daſ.* As you would wiſh,
The Lady *Somer-field* is come to towne.
Her horſes yet are walking, and her men ſay,
Her onely daughter, is conuayd away.
Noe man knowes how: now to it maſter,
You and your ſeruant *Daſh* are made for euer,

If you but ſtick to it now. *Thr.* Gentlemen,
Now ſhow your ſelues at full, and not a man,
But ſhares a fortune with me if I ſpeed.

Enter William Smalſhanke Boutcher, Thomas Smal-ſhanke, Francis and Beard with a torch.

1 *Gen.* Tut feare not vs, be ſure you runne away,
And we ele performe the quarrell. *Thr.* Stand cloſe, they come,
W.S. Art ſure he will be here. *Fr.* Moſt ſure. *W.S: Be rd. B.* Sir,
W.S. Beare vp the torch, and keepe your way apace
Directly to the Sauoy. *Th.S.* Haue you a Licence,
Looke to that brother before you marry,
For feare the Parſon looſe his benifice.
W S. Tut our Curat craues no licence, a ſweares
His liuing came to him by a miracle,
Bou. How by miracle? *W.S.* Why a paid nothing fort,
A ſwares that few be free from ſymony,
But onely Welchmen, and thoſe a ſayes to,
Are but mountaine Prieſts. *Bou.* But hang him foole he lyes.
Whats his reaſon? W.*S.* His reaſon is this,
That all their liuings are ſo rude and bare,
That not a man, will venter his damnation
By giuing mony for them: a does proteſt,
There is but two paire of hoſe and ſhooes,
In all his Pariſh. 1.*Gen.* Hold vp your light Sir.
Bea. Shall I be taught how to aduance my torch, (an aſſe.
*W.*S. Whats the matter Leiftenant. 2.*Gen* Your Liefrenants
Bea. How an aſſe; die men like dogs. W.S. hold gentlemen.
Bea. An aſſe, an aſſe. *Th.*S. Hold brother hold, Lieftenant.
Put vp as you are men, your wife is gone. (plot
W.S. Gone, *Bou.* Gone. *W.S.* How, which way? this is ſome
T.S. Downe toward Fleete bridge. *All.* Follow, follow, fol-
1.*Gen.* So has the wench, let vs perſue a looſe, (low. *Exit.*
And ſee the euent, this will prooue good mirth,
When things vnſhapde ſhall haue a perfit birth. *Exit.*

Enter W Smal-ſhanke, Boucher. Thom Smal. and Beard, their ſwords drawne.

W.S. Tis a thing vnpoſſible, they ſhould be gon
Thus far and we not ſee them *T.S* Vpon my life,
They went in by the Grey-hound, and ſo ſtrooke,

Into Bride-well. *Bea.* What ſhould ſhe make there;
Th.S. Take water at the docke. *Bea.* Water at docke,
A fico for her Docke, youle not be ruld,
Youle ſtill be obſtinate, Ile pawne my fate,
She tooke a long ſhew-lane, and ſo went home,
W.S. Home. *Bea.* I home; how could ſhe chooſe but go,
Seeing ſo many naked tooles at once,
Drawne in the ſtreete? *T.S.* What ſcuruy lucke was this,
W.S. Come we will find her, or weele fire the Suburbs;
Put vp your tooles, letts firſt a long ſhew-lane,
Then ſtraight vp Holborne, If we find her not,
Wele thence direct to *Thro. tes*: if ſhe be loſt,
I am vndone and all your hopes are croſt. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Oliuer Smaleſhanke, Iuſtice Tutchim, Miſtris Tafata, Adriana.

S.Ol. Widdow I muſt be ſhort. *Iu.Tu.* Sir Oliuer.
Will you ſhame your ſelfe, ha? You muſt be ſhort,
Why what a word was that to tell a widdow?
S.Ol. I ment I muſt be breefe. *Iu.Tu.* Why ſay ſo then,
Yet thats almoſt as ill; go to, ſpeake on.
S.O. Widdow I muſt be breefe, what old men doe.
They muſt doe quickly. *Taf.* Then good ſir do it,
Widdowes are ſildome ſlow to put men to it.
S.O, And old men know their *q's*, my loue you know,
Has bin proteſted long, and now I come,
To make my lateſt tender, an old growne oake
Can keepe you from the raine, and ſtands as faire,
And portly as the beſt. *Taf.* Yet ſearch him well,
And we ſhall find no pithe or hearty Timber
To vnderlay a building, *Iu.Tu.* I would that oake,
Had beene a fire: forward good ſir *Oliuer*,
Your Oake is naught: ſticke not too much to that.
Sir Ol. If you can like, you ſhall be Ladified,
Liue at the court, and ſoone be got with child,
What do you thinke we old men can do nothing? (wels,
Iu.Tu. This was ſomewhat like: Sir *Ol.* You ſhall haue Ie-
A Baboone, Parrat, and an Izeland Dog,
And I my ſelfe to beare you company,
Your ioynter is fiue hundred pound by yeare,

Beſides

Beſides your Plate, your Chaines and houſhould ſtuffe,
When enuious fate ſhall change this mortall life.
Taf. But ſhall I not be ouer-cloyde with loue?
Will you nor to be too buſie? ſhall I keepe
My chamber by the month, if I bee pleaſ'd
To take Phiſicke, to ſend for Viſitants,
To haue my maide read *Amadis de Gaule.*
Or *Donzel del Phœbo* to me? ſhall I haue
A Carotch of the laſt edition,
The Coatch-mans ſeate a good way from the Coatch,
That if ſome other Ladies and my ſelfe
Chance to talke bawdy, he may not ouer-heare vs.
S. Ol. All this and more. *Taf.* Shall we haue two chambers?
And will you not preſume vnto my bed,
Till I ſhall call you by my waiting maide.
S. Ol. Not I by heauen. *Taf.* And when I ſend her,
Will you not intice her to your luſt,
Nor tumble her before you come to me.
Adr. Nay let him do his worſt, make your match ſure,
And feare not me, I neuer yet did feare,
Any thing my maiſter could doe to me. *Knock.*
Taf. What noiſe is that, goe ſee *Adriana*,
And bring me word: I am ſo haunted
With a ſwaggering Captaine, that ſweares, God bleſſe vs,
Like a very *Tarmagant*, a Raskall knaue, *Enter.*
That ſaies he will kill all men which ſeekes to wed me. *Adr.*
Adr. O Miſtriſſe! Captaine *Puffe* halfe drunke, is now
Comming vp ſtaires. *S. Ol.* O God haue you no roome,
Beyond this Chamber, has ſworne to kill me,
And piſſe in my very viſnomy,
Taf. What are you afraid *Sir Oliuer*? *S. Ol.* Not affraid,
But of all men I loue not to meddle with a Drunkard:
Haue you any Rome backwards. *Taf.* None Sir.
In. Tu. Is there nere a Truncke or Cobbert for him,
Is there nere a hole backwarbs to hide him in,
Cap. Pu. I muſt ſpeake with her. *S. Ol.* O God a comes.
Adr. Creepe vnder my Miſtris Farthingale Knight,
Thats the beſt and ſafeſt place in the Chamber.
In Tu. I there, there that he will neuer miſtruſt.

Adr. Enter Knight, keepe close, gather your selfe
Round like a Hedg-hog, stir not what ere you heare,
See or smell Knight. God blesse vs, here a comes. *Ent. C. Pu.*
Ca, Pu. Blesse thee widdow and wife. *Taff.* Sir get you gon
Leaue my house or I will haue you coniur'd
With such a spell you neuer yet haue heard of,
Haue you no other place to vent your froth,
But in my house, is this the fittest place,
Your Captaineship can find to puffe in ha?
Ca Pu. How, am I not thy spouse, didst thou not say,
These armes should clip thy naked body fast
Betwixt two linnen sheets, and be sole Lord,
Of all thy peuter worke, thy word is past.
And know, that man is pouder, dust, and earth,
That shall once dare to thinke thee for his wife.
Taff. How now you slaue, one call the Constable,
C Pu. No Constable with all his Holbertieres,
Dare once aduance his head or peepe vp staires,
If I cry but keepe downe: haue I not liu'd,
And marcht on sieged walls,
In thunder, lightening, raine, and snow,
And eake in shotte of powdered balls,
Whose costly markes are yet to shew.
Taf. Captaine Face, for my last husbands sake,
With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,
I am content to winke at these rude trickes,
But hence, trouble me no more, if you doe,
I shall lay you fast, where you shall see,
No Sunne or Moone. *C Pu.* Nor yet the Northerne Pole,
A fico for the Sunne and Moone, let me liue in a hole,
So these two starres may shine. *Taff.* Sir get you gonne,
You swaggering cheating Turne-bull-streete roague.
Or I will hale you to the common-layle,
Where Lice shall eat you. *C. Pu.* Go to, I shall spurne,
And slash your petty-coate. *Taf.* Runne to the counter,
Fetch me a red-bearded Sargeant, ile make
You Captaine thinke the Deuill of hell is come,
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.
C Pu. Dambe thee and thy Sargeants, thou Mercers Punke.

Thus will I kick thee and thy Farthingales.
S. Ol. Hold Captaine. *C. Pu.* What do you caſt your whelps,
What haue I found you ſir? haue not I plac'd
My Sakers, Culuerings, Demi-culuerings,
My Cannons, Demi-cannons, Baſiliſks,
Vpon her breach, and do I not ſtand,
Ready with my Pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her? *S. Ol.* Good Captaine hold,
C. Pu. Are not her Bulwarkes, Parapets, Trenches,
Scarfes, Counter-ſcarfes, Fortifications,
Curtaines, Shaddowes, Mines, Countermines,
Rampires, Forts, Ditches,, Workes, Water-workes,
And is not her halfe-moone mine, and do you bring,
A reſcue good man Knight. *Taff.* Call vp my men, *Enter 2.*
Where be theſe knaues, haue they no eares or hearts, *or 3. with*
Beate hence this raſcall, ſome other fetch a warrant, *clubs.*
Ile teach him know himſelfe, *I. Tu.* Downe with the ſlaue,
S. Ol Tis not your beard ſhall carry it, downe with the rogue
C. Pu. Not *Hercules* gainſt twenty, *I. Tu.* A ſirra, *Ex. Face,*
I knew my hands no longer could forbeare him,
Why did you not ſtrike the Knaue, ſir *Oliuer?*
S. Ol. Why ſo I did, *I. Tu.* But then it was to late,
S. Ol. What would you haue me do when I was downe,
And hee ſtood thundering with his weapon drawne.
Enter Adriana.
Ready to cut my throate. *Adr.* The roague is gone,
And her's one from the Lady *Somerfield,*
To intreat you come with all the ſpeed you can,
To Saint *Iohns ſtreete.* I. *Tu.* Which I will do. *Taf.* Gentlemen
I am ſorry you ſhould be thus diſturbed
Within my houſe, but now all feare is paſt,
You are moſt welcome: ſupper ended,
Ile giue a gratious anſwer to your ſute,
Meane while let nought diſmay, or keepe you mute. *Exit.*

Enter Throte, Francis, and Daſh.

Thr. Pay the Coatch-man *Daſh*, pay him well,
And thanke him for his ſpeed. Now *Vinat Rex,*
The knot is knit which not the Law it ſelfe,

With all his *Hydra* heads and ſtrongeſt nerues,
Is able to diſioyne: Now let him hang,
Fret out his guts, and ſweare the ſtarres from heauen,
A neuer ſhall enioy you, you ſhall be rich.
Your Lady mother this day came to towne
In your purſute: wee will but ſhift ſome ragges,
And ſtraight go take her bleſſing. *Fra.* That muſt not be,
Furniſh me with Iewels, and then my ſelfe,
Attended by your man and honeſt *Beard*,
Will thether firſt, and with my Lady mother
Craue a peace for you. *Thr.* I like that well,
Her anger ſome-what calm'd, I brisk and fine,
Some halfe houre after will preſent my ſelfe
As ſonne in law vnto her, which ſhe muſt needs
Accept with gratious lookes, *Fra.* I when ſhee knowes
Before by me, from what an eminent plague
Your wiſdome has preſeru'd me. *Thr.* I, that, that,
That will ſtrike it dead: but heere comes *Beard*.

Enter Beard.

Bea. What are you ſure, tide faſt by heart and hand.
Thr. I now do call her wife, ſhe now is mine,
Seald and deliuered by an honeſt Prieſt,
At *Saint Giles* in the field. *Bea.* God giue you ioy ſir.
Thr. But where's mad *Smal-ſhanke*. *Bear.* O hard at hand,
And almoſt mad with loſſe of his faire bride,
Let not my louely Miſtreſſe bee ſeene,
And ſee if you can draw him to compound
For all his title to her, I haue Sargiants
Ready to do the feate, when time ſhall ſerue.
Thr. Stand you aſide deere loue, nay I wil firke
My ſilly nouice, as he was neuer firkt
Since Midwiues bound his noddle: heere they come.

Enter W. Smalſh. Th. Smalſh. and Boucher.

VV. S. O Maiſter *Throte*, vnleſſe you ſpeake good newes,
My hopes are croſt, and I vndone for euer.
Thr. I neuer thought you'd come to other end,
Your courſes haue beene alwayes ſo prophane,
Extrauagant and baſe. W. S. Nay good ſir heare?
Did not my loue returne? came ſhe not hether?

For *Ioues* loue ſpeake. *Thr.* Sir will you get you gon.
And ſeeke your loue elſewhere, for know my houſe,
Is not to entertaine ſuch cuſtomers,
As you and your comrades, *WS.* Is the man mad,
Or drunke, why Maiſter *Throate* know you to whom
You talke ſo ſawcily? *Thr.* VVhy vnto you,
And to your brother *Smalſhankes*, will you be gon,?
Bou. Nay good ſir hold vs not in this ſuſpence,
Anſwere directly came not the *V*irgin hether,
Thr. will you be gon directly? are you mad?
Come you to ſeeke a Virgin in Ram-alley:
So neere an Inne of Court and amongſt Cookes,
Ale-men and Landreſſes? why are you fooles?
W.S. Sir leaue this firke of law or by this light,
Ile giue your throate a ſlit, came ſhe not hether,
Anſwere to that point, *Thr.* VVhat haue you loſt her?
Come doe not gull your freinds, *W.S.* By heauen ſhees gon,
Vnles ſhe be returnd ſince we laſt left you.
Thr. Nay then I cry you mercy ſhe came not hether,
As I am an honneſt man, Iſt poſſible.
A maid ſo louely faire, ſo well demeand,
Should be tooke from you? what from you three?
So young, ſo braue, and valiant Gentlemen.
Sure it cannot bee, *T. Sm.* Afore God tis true.
W. Sm. To our perpetuall ſhames tis now to true,
Thr. Is ſhe not left behind you in the Tauerne,
Are you ſure you brought her out? were you not drunke,
And ſo forgot her, *W. Sm.* A pox on all ſuch lucke,
I will find her, or by this good light
Ile fire all the Citty, come lets goe,
VVho euer has her ſhall not long enioy her,
Ile prooue a contract: lets walke the round,
Ile haue her if ſhee keepe aboue the ground, *Exit.*
Thr. Ha ha ha, a makes me ſport ifaith,
The gull is mad, ſtarke mad, *Daſh* draw the bond,
And a releaſe of all his intereſt
In this my loued wife *Bea.* I be ſure of that,
For I haue certaine goblins in buffe Ierkins, *Enter with the*
Lye in ambuſcado for him, *Off.* I areſt you ſir, *Sargeants.*

W. Sm.

W.S. Rescue, resku. *Th.* O he is caught. *W.S.* Ile giue you
Hang off honest catch-poles, *M. Throte*, good, wife, (baile
Learned and honest maister *Throte*, now, now,
Now or neuer helpe me. *Throt.* Whats the matter?
W.S. Here are two retainers, hangers on sir,
Which will consume more then ten liueries,
If by your meanes they be not straite shooke off,
I am arrested. *Thr.* Arrested? what's the summe?
W.S. But thirteene pound, due to *Beard* the Butler,
Do but baile me, and I will saue you harmelesse.
Thr. Why heer's the end of Ryot: I know the law,
If you be baild by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will vndertake. *W.S.* Law there; Roagues,
Foote I know hee would not let me want
For thirteene pounds. *Thr.* Prouided, you seale a release,
Of all your claime to Mistresse *Somerfield*.
W.S. Sergeants do your kinde, hale me to the hole,
Seale a release. Sargeants come, to prison,
Seale a release for Mistrisse *Somerfield*.
First I will stinck in layle, be eate with Lyce,
Indure an obiect worse then the Deuill himselfe,
And that's ten Sergeants peeping through the grates
Vpon my lowsie linnen: come to layle:
Foote a release. *T.S.* Ther's no conscience in it.
Bon 'Tis a demand vncharitable. *Thr.* Nay choose,
Fra. I can hold no longer, impudent man.
W.S. My wife, foote my wife, let me go Sergeants.
Fra. O thou perfidious man! darst thou presume
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?
What conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maide,
A silly harmelesse maide? what glory ist
That thou hast thus deceiued a simple Virgin,
And brought her from her friends? what honor wast
For thee to make the Butler loose his office
And runne away with thee. Your tricks are knowne;
Didst thou not sweare thou shouldst be Baroniz'd?
And hadst both lands and fortunes? both which thou wantst.
W.S. Foote that's not my fault, I would haue lands
If I could get em. *Fra.* I know your trick,

And

And know I now am wife vnto this man.
Omn. How? *Thr.* I thanke her sir, she has now vouchsaft
To cast her selfe on me. *Fra.* Therefore subscribe.
Take some-what of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man,
If not, I doe protest by earth and Heauen,
Although I starue, thou neuer shalt inioy me.
Bear. Her vow is past, nor will she breake her word,
Looke to it mitcher. *Fra.* I hope a will compound.
W.S. Foote shall I giue two thousand pound a yeare
For nothing. *T.S.* Brother come, be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little then loose all.
Bon. You see shee's resolute, y' had best compound.
W.S. Ile first be damn'd ere I will loose my right,
Vnlesse a giue me vp my forfit morgage,
And baile me of this action. *Fra.* Sir you may choose,
VVhat's the morgage worth? VV.S. Lets haue no whispering.
Thr. Some forty pounds a yeare. *Fra.* Doe it, doe it,
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him,
At any rate. *Thr. Dash*, go fetch his morgage,
So that your friends be bound, you shall not claime
Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
In time to come, in this my loued wife:
I will restore the morgage, pay this debt,
And set you free. *W.S.* They shall not. *Bon.* VVe will,
Come draw the bonds, and we will soone subscribe them.

Enter Dash.

Thr. They're ready drawne; here's his release,
Sergiants let him goe. *Dash.* Here's the morgage sir,
W.S. VVas euer man thus cheated of a wife:
Is this my morgage. *Thr.* The very same sir.
VV.S. Well I wi l subscribe, God giue you ioy,
Although I haue but little cause to wish it,
My heart will scarce consent vnto my hand.
Tis done. *Thr.* You giue this as your deeds. *Omn.* We doe,
Thr. Certifie them *Dash*. W S. What am I free.
Thr. You are, Sargiants I discharge you.
There's your fees. *Bea.* Not so, I must haue mony.
Thr. Ile passe my word. *Bea. Fouire*, words are wind,

I say I must haue money. *Thr* How much sir.
Bea. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to morrow.
Thr. Ther's your summe, now officers begon,
Each take his way, I must to Saint *Iohns streete*,
And see my Lady mother: shee's now in towne,
And we to her shall straite resent our duties.
T.S. O *Ioue* shall we loose the wench thus. *W.S.* Euen thus,
Throte farewell, since 'tis thy luck to haue her,
I still shall pray, you long may liue together:
Now each to his affaires. *Thr.* Good night to all, *Ex.*
Deare wife step in, *Beard* and *Dash* come hether:
Heere take this money: goe borrow Iewels
Of the next Gold-smith: *Beard* take thou these bookes,
Goe both to the Broakers in Fetter lane,
Lay them in pawne for a Veluet Ierken
And a double Ruffe, tell him a shall haue
As much for loane to night, as I do giue
Vsually for a whole circuit, which done
You two shall man her to her mothers: goe, *Ex.*
My fate lookes big; me thinkes I see already,
Nineteene gold chaines, seuenteene great beards, and ten
Reuerent bald heads, proclaime my way before me,
My Coatch shall now go prancing through Cheapside,
And not be forst to hurry through the streetes,
For feare of Sargeants: nor shall I need to trye,
Whether my wel-graft tumbling foot-cloth nag,
Be able to out-runne a wel-breath'd Catchpole,
I now in pompe will ride, for 'tis most fit,
Hee should haue state that riseth by his wit. *Ex.*

Actus 4. Scæna. 1.

Sir Oliuer, Iustice Tutchin, Taffata, Adriana.

S.Ol. Good meate the belly fils, good wine the braine,
Women please men, men pleasure them againe,
Ka me, ka thee, one thing must rub another,
English loue Scots, Welshmen loue each other.
I.Tu. You say very right sir *Oliuer*, very right,
I haue't in my noddle i faith, That's all the faule

Old

Old Iuſtices haue, when they are at feaſts,
They will bib hard, they will be fine Sun-burnt,
Sufficient, fox, for Columberd now and than,
Now could I ſit in my chayre at home and nod,
A drunkard to the ſtocks, by vertue of
The laſt ſtatute rarely. *Taf.* Sir you are merry.
I.Tu. I am indeed. *Taf.* Your ſupper ſir was light,
But I hope you thinke you welcome. *I.Tu.* I doe,
A light ſupper quoth you, pray God it be,
Pray God I carry it cleanly, I am ſure it lyes
As heauy in my belly as moult lead,
Yet Ile goe ſee my Siſter *Sommerfield*.
S.O. So late good Iuſtice. *I.Tu.* I euen ſo late.
Night is the mother of wit, as you may ſee,
By Poets or rather Conſtables
In their examinations at midnight,
Weele lye together without marrying,
Saue the Curats fees, and the pariſh a labour,
Tis a thriuing courſe. *S.Ol.* That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.
I.Tu. Thats true, they flie indeed like wild-geeſe,
In flocks, one in the breech of another,
But the beſt is a ſmall matter ſtayes them,
And ſo farewell. S.O. Farwell good Iuſtice *Tutchim*, *Exit.*
Alaſſe good Gentleman his braines are craſed,
But let that paſſe: ſpeake widdow iſt a match,
Shall we clap it vp. *Adr.* Nay if't come to clapping,
Good night iſaith, Miſtris looke before you,
There's nothing more dangerous to maide or widdow,
Then ſuddaine clapings vp, nothing has ſpoyld,
So many proper Ladies, as clappings vp:
Your ſhittle-cock, ſtriding from tables to ground,
Oncly to try the ſtrength of the backe,
Your riding a hunting, I though they fall,
With their heeles vpward, and lay as if
They were taking the height, of ſome high ſtarre
With a croſſe ſtaffe: no nor your iumlings
In horſſlitters, coatches or caroatches,
Haue ſpoild ſo many women as clappings vp.

S.Ol. Why then weele chop it vp. *Taf.* Thats not alowed,
Vnleſſe you were ſonne to a welch Curate:
But faith ſir Knight I haue a kind of Itching,
To be a Lady, that I can tell you woes,
And can perſwade with better rethorick,
Then othes, wit, wealth, valour, lands, or perſon,
I haue ſome debts at court, and marrying you,
I hope the Courtier will not ſtick to pay me.
Si Ol. Neuer feare thy paiment This I will ſay,
For Courtiers theyle be ſure to pay each other,
How ere they deale with Cittizens. *Taf.* Then heres my hand,
I am your wife, condition we be ioynd,
Before to morrows ſunne. *Sir O.* Nay euen to night
So you be pleaſ d with little warning widdow,
We old men can be ready, and thou ſhalt ſee,
Before the time that chanticleere,
Shall call and tell the day is neere,
When wenches lying on their backs,
Receiue with ioy their loue-ſtolne ſmacks,
When maids awak't from their firſt ſleepe,
Deceiu'd with dreames begin to weepe,
And thinke of dreames, ſuch pleaſures know,
What ſport the ſubſtance them would ſhow,
When Ladies gin white Lymmes to ſpred,
Her loue but new ſtolne to her bed,
His cotten ſhowes yet ſcarce put off,
And dares not laugh, ſpeake, ſneeze, or cough,
When preciſe dames begin to thinke,
Why their groſe ſouring husbands ſtincke,
What pleaſures twere then to inioy,
A nimble viccar, or a boy.
Before this time thou ſhalt behold,
Me quaffing out our brydall bole.
Adr. Then belike before the morning Sunne
You will be coupled. *Taf.* Yes faith *Adriana*,
Adr. VVell I will looke you ſhall haue a cleane ſmock,
Prouided that you pay the fee *Sir Oliuer*,
Since my Miſtris ſir will be a Lady,
Ile looſe no fees due to the waiting maid.

S.Ol. VVhy is there a fee belonging to it.
Adr. A Knight and neuer heard of ſmock-fees,
I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impoſt ſet vpon them: *Enter W.Sm.*
S.Ol. VVhom haue we heere? what my mad-headed ſonne.
VVhat makes he here ſo late? ſay I am gone,
And I the whileſt will ſtep behind the hangings.
W.S. God bleſſe thee parcell of mans fleſh. *Taf.* How ſir.
W *S.* Why parcell of mans fleſh, art not a woman?
But widdow, where's the old ſtinkerd my father,
They ſay widdow you dance altogether
After his pipe. *Taf.* VVhat then. VV.*S.* Th'art a foole,
Ile aſſure thee there's no muſick in it.
Taf. Can you play better?
VV.S. Better widdow?
Bloud doſt thinke I haue not learnt my prick-ſong,
VVhat not the coutt prick-ſong? one vp and another downe,
VVhy I haue't to a haire by this light,
I hope thou loueſt him not. *Taf.* Ile marry him ſir.
VV.S. How marry him, foot art mad widdow,
VVoot marry an old craſed man,
VVith meager lookes, with viſage wan,
VVith little legs and crinckled thighes,
VVith Chapſalne gummes and deepe ſunke eyes,
VVhy a dog ſeazd on ten dayes by death
Stinkes not ſo loathſome as his breath,
Nor can a citty common laques,
VVhich all mens Breeches vndertakes,
Yeeld faſting ſtomakes ſuch a ſauour,
As doth his breath, and vgly ſauour, *S.Ol.* Rogue,
Adr. Thats all one ſir, ſhe meanes to be a Lady.
VV.S. Does ſhe ſo, and thou muſt be her waiting woman.
Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To ſit at a chamber doore and looke fit as
In my Ladies dog, while ſhe is ſhowing
Some ſlippery brittle Courtier rare faces,
In a by-window foote widdow,
Marry me a yong and compleate gallant.
Taſa. How a compleat gallant? what? a fellow.

With a hat tuckt vp behind, and what we vſe,
About our hippes to keepe out coats from dabling.
He weares about his neck, a farthingale,
A ſtanding collar to keepe his neate band cleane,
The whilſt his ſhirt doth ſtinke and is more foule,
Then an Inne of chancery table cloath:
His breeches muſt be pleited as if he had
Some thirty pockets, when one poore halfpeny purſe,
Will carry all his treaſure, his knees all points,
As if his legges and hams were tied togeather,
A fellow that has no inſide, but prates
By roate, as players and parrots vſe to doe,
And to define a compleat gallant right,
A mercer form'd him, a Taylor makes him,
And a player giues him ſpright,
W. *Sm.* Why ſo in my conſcience to be a counteſſe
Thou wouldſt marry a hedg-hog: I muſt confeſſe,
Tis ſtate to haue a coxe-combe kiſſe your hands,
While yet the chamber-ly is ſcarſe wipte off,
To haue an vpright vſher march before you
Bare headed in a Tuſtafata ierkin,
Made of your o'd caſt gowne, ſhewes paſſing well,
But when you feele your huſbands pulſes, thats hell,
Then you fly out and bid ſtrait ſmockes farewell,
Taff. I hope ſir what ere our huſbands be,
We may be honeſt. *W. Sm.* May be nay y'are
Women and honeſty are as neere alliedi
As parſons liues are to their doctrines,
One and the ſame, but widdow now be ruld,
I hope the heauens will giue thee better grace,
Then to accept the father, and I yet liue,
To be beſtowed if you wed the ſtinkerd,
You ſhall find the tale of *Tantalus*
To be noe fable widdow. *Si. Ol.* How I ſweate,
I can hold no longer, degenerate baſtard,
I heere diſclaime thee, caſheere thee, nay more,
I diſhinherit thee both of my loue,
And liuing, get thee a gray cloake and hat
And walke in Paules among thy caſheerd mates.

As melancholly as the best: *Tess.* Come not neere me,
I forbid thee my house: my out houses,
My Garden, Orchard, and my backside,
Thou shalt not harbor neere me, *Sir.* Ol, Nay to thy greise,
Know varlet I will be wed this morning,
Thou shalt not be there nor once be grac'd,
With a peece of Rosemary, Ile cashere thee,
Do not reply I will not stay to heere thee,
W.Sm. Now may I goe put me on a cleane shirt,
And hang my selfe: foot who would haue thought,
The Fox had earth'd so neere me; whats to be done,
What Miracle shall I now vndertake,
To winne respectiue grace with God and men?
What if I turn'd Courtier and liu'd honest?
Sure that would doe, I dare not walke the streets,
For I dwindle at a Sargeant in buffe,
Almost as much as a new Player does,
At a plague bill certefied forty,
Well I like this widdow, a lusty plumpe drab,
Has substance both in bretch and purse,
And pitty and sinne it were she should be wed
To a furd cloack and a night-cap. Ile haue her,
This widdow I will haue: her money
Shall pay my debts, and set me vp againe,
Tis heere, 'tis almost forg'd, which if ie take,
The world shall praise my wit, admire my face. *Exit.*

Enter Beard, Dash, Francis, Sargeant, Drawers.

Bea. Sargeants beware be sure you not mistake,
For If you doe *Dash* she shall be quickly baild,
She shall *corpus cum causa* be remoou'd,
Your action entered first below shall shrinke,
And you shall find sir Sargeant she has friends,
VVill sticke to her in the common place. *Sar.* Sir,
VVill you procure her bayle: *Bea.* She shall be baild,
Drawer bring vp some wine, vse her well,
Her husband is a Gentleman of sort,
Sa. A Gentleman of sort, why what care I:
A woman of her fashion shall finde
More kindnesse at a lusty Sargeants hand

Then ten of your Gentlemen of sort.
Dash. Sir vse her well, shee's wife to Maister *Threate:*
Sar. Ile vse her sir as if she were my wife,
Would you haue any more. *Bea.* Drinke vpon that,
VVhil'st we goe fetch her bayle: *Dash*, fellow *Dash*,
VVith all the speed thou hast runne for our Maister,
Make hast least he be gon before thou comest,
To Lady *Somersfields*: Ile fetch another,
She shall haue bayle. *Dash*, And a firking writte
Of false imprisonment, she shall be sure
Of twelue pence damage, and fiue and twenty pound
For sutes in law: Ile goe fetch my Master.
Bea. And I another *Sar.* Drawer leaue the roome
Heere mistris a health: *Fra.* Let it com sweet Rogue.
Dra: I say you soe: then must I haue an eye,
These Sargeants feed on very good reuersions,
On Capons, Teales, and sometimes on a wodcocke,
Hot from the shreiues owne table, the knaues feed wel,
VVhich makes them horrid letchers. *Fr.* This health is pledgd
An honnest Sargeant how does maister Gripe, *The Drawer*
The keeper of the Counter. I doe protest, *stands aside.*
I found him alwaies fauorable to me,
A is an honest man, has often stood to me,
And beene my friend and let me goe a trust
For victuall when a has denied it knightes, but come
Lets pay and then be gon, th'arest you know
VVas but a trick to get from nimble *Dash*
My husbands man: *Sar.* True but I haue an action
At sute of Mistresse, Smel-smocke, your *quandam* Baude,
The summe is eight good pound, for six weekes board,
And fiue weekes loane for a red Tafata gowne,
Bound with a siluer lace, *Fra* I do protest,
By all the honesty twixt thee and mee,
I got her in that gowne in six weekes space
Foure pound and fourteene pence giuen by a Clarke
Of an Inne of Chancerie, that night I came,
Out of her house and does the filthy lade,
Send to me for money: but honest Sergeant,
Let me go and say thou didst not see me,

Ile doe thee as great a pleasure shortly.
Sar. Shall we imbrace to night. *Fra.* Withall my heart.
Sar. Sit on my knee and kisse, *Enter Beard,*
Bea. What newes boy: why stand you Centinell?
Dra. Do but conceale your selfe, and we shall catch
My Sergeant napping. *Bea.* Shall maides be here deflowred,
Sar. Now kisse againe. *Draw.* Now, now. *Enter Cap. and*
Bea. Deflower vergins, rogue: auant ye slaue, *seeing the burly*
Are maides fit subiects for a Sargeants mace. *burly, runs away.*
So now are we once more free: ther's for the wine. *Ex. Sar.*
Now to our Randeuow: three pounds in gold
These slops containe; weele quaffe in Venice glasses,
And sweare some Lawyers are but silly Asses. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaine Face.

Cap. Is the coast cleare, are these cumbustions ceast,
And may we drinke Canary sack in peace?
Shall we haue no attendance here you rogues?
Where be these raskals that skip vp and downe,
Faster then Verginall iacks? drawers. *Dra.* Sir.
Cap. On whom waite you sir rogue? *Dra,* Faith. Captaine,
I attend a conuenticle of Players.
Ca. How Players, what is there ere a Cuckold among them?
Dra, Ioue defend, else it stands with pollicie,
That one should be a notorious Cuckold.
If it be but for the better keeping,
The rest of his company together.
Cap. When did you see sir *Theophrastus Slop,*
The Citty Dog-maister? *Dra.* Not to day sir.
Cap. What haue you for my supper. *Dra.* Nothing ready
Vnlesse you please to stay th dressing Captaine.
Cap. Zownes stay the dressing, you damned rogue,
What shall I waite vpon your greasie cooke,
And waite his leasure, go downe staires rogue,
Now all her other customers be seru'd,
Aske if your Mistresse haue a snip of Mutton
Yet left for me. *Dra.* Yes sir. *Cap.* And good-man rogue,
See what good thing your Kitchin-maide has left
For me to worke vpon, my barrow-gurlings grumble
And would haue food: Say now the Vintners wife

Should bring me vp a Pheasant, Partridge, Quaile,
A pleasant banquet, and extreamly loue me,
Desire me to eate, kisse, and protest,
I should pay nothing for it, say she should drinke
Her selfe three quarters drunke, to win my loue,
Then giue me a chaine, worth some three score pounds,
Say twere worth but forty, say but twenty,
For Cittizens do seldome in their wooing,
Giue aboue twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty,
Ile goe sell some fifteene pounds worth of the chaine,
To buy some clothes, and shift my lowsie lianen,
And weare the rest as a perpetuall fauour,
About my arme in fashion of a Bracelet,
Say then her husband should grow iealious,
Ide make him drunke, and then Ile Cuckold him,
But then a Vintners wife, some Rogues will say,
Which sits at Barre for the receit of custome,
That smels of chippings, and of broken fish,
Is loue to Captaine *Face*, which to preuent,
Ile neuer come but when her best stitcht hat,
Her Bowgle gowne, and best wrought smock is on,
Then does she neither smell of bread, of meate,
Or drappings of the tap, it shall be so,

Enter Boutcher, W. Smallshanke, and Constantia.

Bou. Now leaue vs boy; blesse you Captaine *Face*,
Cap. Ile haue no Musick? W.S. Foot doost take vs for fidlers.
Cap. Then turne Straight Drawer runne downe the staires,
And thanke the Gods a gaue me that great patience
Not to strike you. *Bou.* Your patience sir is great,
For you dare seldome strike. Sirra they say,
You needs will wed the widdow *Taffata*,
Nolens volens. *Cap.* Doe not vrge my patience,
Awake not furie, new rakt vp in embers,
I giue you leaue to liue. *W.S.* Men say y'aue tricks,
Y'are an admirable Ape, and you can doe
More feates then three Babouues, we must haue some,
Cap. My patience yet is great, I say be gone,
My tricks are dangerous. *Bou.* That's nothing,
I haue brought you furniture, come get vp

Vp vpon this table, do your feates,
Or I will whip you to them, doe not I know
You are a lowſie knaue. *Cap.* How? lowſie knaue,
Are we not Engliſh bred? *Bou.* Y'are a coward Roague,
That dares not looke a Kitling in the face,
If ſhe but ſtare or mew. *Cap.* My patience yet is great:
Doe you bandie troopes, by Dis I will be Knight,
Weare a blew coate on great Saint *Georges* day,
And with my fellowes driue you all from Paules
For this attempt. *Bou.* Will you yet get vp,
I muſt laſh you to it, *Cap.* By *Pluto*, Gentlemen,
To doe you pleaſure, and to make you ſport,
Ile do't. *W.S.* Come get vp then quick.
Bou. Ile dreſſe you ſir. *Cap* By *Ioue* 'tis not for feare,
But for a loue I beare vnto theſe tricks,
That I performe it, *Bou.* Hold vp your ſnout ſir,
Sit handſomly, by heauen, ſir you muſt do it,
Come boy, *W.S.* No by this good light, Ile play (tlemen?
Him that goes with the motions. *Dra.* Wher's the Cap. Gen-
W.S. Stand back boy, and be a ſpectator, Gentlemen
You ſhall ſee the ſtrange nature of an out-landiſh beaſt,
That ha's but two legs, bearded like a man,
Noſd like a Gooſe, and toungd like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Catita,
A beaſt of much vnderſtanding, were it not giuen
Too much to the loue of Venery: do I not do it well?
Bou Admirably. *W.S.* Remember noble Captaine,
You skip when I ſhall ſhake my whip. Now ſir,
What can you doe for the great Turke?
What can you doe for the Pope of Rome?
Harke, he ſtirreth not, he mooueth not, he waggeth not,
What can you do for the towne of Geneua ſirra?
He holds vp his hands inſteed of praying.
Con. Sure this Baboune is a great Puritane,
Bou. Is not this ſtrange. *W.S.* Not a whit by this light,
Bankes his horſe and hee were taught both in a ſtable.
Dra. O rare. *Cap.* Zounes Ile firſt be damn'd, ſhall ſport
Bee laught at; by *Dis*, by *Pluto*, and great *Proſerpine*,
My fatall blade once drawne, falls but with death,

Yet if youle let me goe, I vow by *Ioue*,
No widdow, maide, wife, punke, or Cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your goasts. *Bou.* 'Twill not serue sir,
You must shew more. *Cap.* Ile first be hangd and damn'd.
W.S. Foote can a iumpe so well? *Bou.* Is a so quick?
I hope the slaue will haunt no more the widdow.
W.S. As for that take no care, for by this light
Sheele not haue thee. *Bou.* Not haue me? W.S. No not haue thee,
By this hand, flesh, and bloud she is resolu'd
To make my father a most fearefull Cuckold,
And he's resolu'd to saue his soule by her.
Bou. How by her? W.S. Thus, all old men which marry
Young wiues, shall questionlesse be sau'd,
For while th'are young, they keepe other mens wiues,
And when th'are old, they keepe wiues for other men,
And so by satisfaction procure saluation.
Why thou deiected taile of a Crab,
Does not the faire *Constantia Somerfield*
Doate on thy filthy face; and wilt thou wed
A wanton widdow? what canst thou see
To doate on her. *Bou.* Onely this, I loue her.
W.S. Doo'st loue her, then take a purgation,
For loue Ile assure thee is a binder
Of all things vnder heauen, there's no fitter parralells then a Drunkard and a Louer: for a drunkard looses his sences, so does your louer; your drunkard is quarrelsome, so is your louer: your drunkard will sweare, lye, and speake great words, so will your louer; your drunkard is most desirous of his letchery, and so is your louer: Well the night growes old, farewell:
I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While faire *Constantia* is resolu'd to wed thee. *Ex.*

Enter Thomas Smal-shanke and others.

T.S. Foote shall we let the wench goe thus,
My masters now show your selues Gentlemen,
And take away the Lawyers wife;
Foote though I haue no wit, yet I can
Loue a wench, and choose a wife,
Gen. Why sir, what should you doe with a wife, that are held

held none of the wiſeſt? youle get none but fooles.

Th. S. How fooles, why may not I a foole get a wiſe child as well as wiſe men get fooles: all lyes but in the agillity of the woman: introth I thinke all fooles are got when their mothers a ſleepe; therefore Ile neuer lye with my wife but when ſhe is broad-waking, ſtand to't honeſt friends, knocke downe the Lieftenant, and then hurry the wentch to Fleet-ſtreet, there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter Beard and Francis.

Gen. Stand cloſe they come.

Bea. By *Ione* the night growes darke and *Luna* lookes
As if this houre ſome fifty cuckolds were making,
Then let vs trudge.

Gen. Downe with 'em, downe with them, away with her Maiſter *Smal-ſhankes* to Fleetſtreet, goe, the Curate there ſtayes for you.

Bea. And ſtayes the Curat,
Whats here, knockt downe, and bloud of men let out,
Muſt men in darkeneſſe bleed, then *Erebus* looke big,
And *Boreas* blow the fire of all my rage,
Into his noſe. Night thou art a whore,
Smal-ſhanke a rogue: and is my wench tooke from me,
Sure I am guld, this was no Coccatrice,
I neuer ſaw her before this day-light peept:
What dropſt thou head, this ſurely is the heyre,
And mad will *Smal-ſhankes* lay in Ambuſcado,
To get her now from me, *Beard*, Lieſtenant *Beard*,
Thou art an aſſe, what a dull ſlaue was I,
That all this while ſmelt not her honeſty.
Pate I doe not pitty thee: hadſt thou braines,
Lieftenant *Beard* had got this wealthy heyre,
From all theſe rogues: bloud to be this ore-reachd,
In pate and wench: reuenge, reuenge come vp,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard,
Smal-ſhankes I will betray thee: I now will trudge,
To Saint *Iohns ſtreete* to informe the Lady *Sommerfield*
Where thou art: I will preuent the match,
Thou art to Fleetſtreet gone, reuenge ſhall follow,
And my incenſed wrath ſhall like great thunder,

Diſperſſe thy hopes and thy braue wiſe a ſunder.

Enter Lady Sommerfield, and Iuſtice Tutchin.

Tu. Say as I ſay widdow, the wench is gon,
But I know whether, ſtolne ſhe is, well,
I know by whom, ſay as I ſay widdow,
I haue bin drinking hard, why ſay ſo too,
Old men they can be fine, with ſmall a doe,
The law is not offended, I had no punke,
Nor in an ale-houſe, haue I made me drunke.
The ſtatute is not broke, I haue the skill,
To drinke by law, then ſay as I ſay ſtill.

La.S. To what extremes doth this licentious time,
Hurry vnſtayed youth, nor Gods nor Lawes,
Whoſe pennall ſcourges are inough to ſaue
Euen damned fiends, can in this looſer age
Confine vnbounded youth, who durſt preſume,
To ſteale my youths delight, my ages hope,
Her fathers heyre, and the laſt noble ſtemme,
Of all her aneeſtors: feare they or Gods or lawes,

I.Tu. I ſay as you ſay ſiſter, but for the lawes,
There are ſo many, that men do ſtand in awe,
Of none at all; take heed they ſteale not you.
Who woes a widdow with a faire full Moone
Shall ſurely ſpeed, beware of full Moones widdow,
Will *Smal-ſhankes* has your daughter, no word but mum,
My warrant you ſhall haue when time ſhall come.

La.S. Your warrant? *I.Tu.* I my warrant widdow,
My warrant can ſtretch far; no more but ſo,
Twill ſerue to ketch a knaue, or fetch a Doe.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser. Heres a gentleman much deſirous to ſee you madam.

La.So. What is a ſo for a man.

Ser. Nothing for a man, but much for a beaſt,
I thinke him lunatique, for a demands,
What plate of his is ſtirring i'the houſe,
A calls your men his Butlers, Cookes, and Steward,
Kiſſes your woman, and makes exceeding much
Of your Coach-mans wife; *I.Tu.* Then he's a Gentleman,

for

for tis a true note of a gentlemã, to make much of other mens wiues, bring him vp, a sirra, makes a much of your Coachmans wife, this geere will runne a wheeles then shortly,
A man may make much more of another mans wife, then a can do of's owne.

L.S. How much brother? *I.Tu.* A man may make with ease,
A Punke, a Child, a Bastard, a Cuckold, of another mans wife all at a clap.
And that is much I thinke. *Serv.* Thats my Lady.

Enter Seruingman and Throte.

Thr. For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,
I here create thee Clarke a the Kitchin, no man shall beg it from thee.

Ser. Sure the fellowes mad.

L.S. What would you sir? I gesse your long profession,
By your scant suite: your habit seemes to turne
Your inside outward to me; y'are I thinke,
Some Turner of the law. *Thr.* Law is my liuing,
And on that ancient mould I weare this outside,
Suite vpon suite wasts some, yet makes me thriue,
First law, then gold, then loue, and then we wiue.

I.T. A man of forme like me, but what's your businesse?

La. Be briefe good sir: what makes this bold intrusion?

Thr. Intrude, I do not, for I know the lawe,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coyne, coyne gets me friends,
Your sonne in law hath law at's fingers ends.

La. My sonne in law. *Th.* Madame your sonne in law,
Mother I come, (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your fauour,
And win your approbation of my choice,
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renownd,
For beauty, vertue, and a wealthy dowre)
I haue espousd. *La.* How? you espouse my daughter?

Thr. Nouerint vniuersi, the lawes of heauen,
Of nature, church, and chance, haue made her mine,
Therefore deliuer her by these presents.

I.Tu. How's this? made her yours sir? *per quam regulam*,
Nay we are letter'd sir, as well as you,

Redde rationem, per quam regulam,
Thr. Femini ludificanter uiros:
By that same rule these lippes haue taken seazon:
Tut I doe all by statute law and reason,
Ka. Hence you base knaue you petty-fogging groome
Clad in ould ends and peeed with Brokery,
You wed my daughter? *I Tu.* You sir *Ambo-dexter*,
A Sumners sonne and learn't in Norfolke wiles,
Some common baile, or Counter Lawyer,
Marry my neece? your halfe sleeues shall not carry her,
Thr. These stormes will be dissolu'd in teares of ioy,
Mother I doubt it not: Iustice to you,
That ierke at my halfe sleeues, and yet your selfe,
Do neuer weare but Buckerom out of sight,
A Flannell wast-coat or a Canuas Trusse,
A shift of thrift, I vse it: lets be friends,
You know the law has trickes, ka me, ka thee,
Viderit vtilitas, the mot to these halfe armes,
Corpus cum causa needes no bumbasting,
We weare small hayre yet haue we tongue and wit,
Lawyers close-breecht haue bodies pollitick.
La. Speake, answer me sir Iack: stole you my daughter,
Thr. Short tale to make I fingered haue your daughter:
I haue tane liuery and seazon of the wench.
Deliuer her then, you know the Statute lawes,
Shee's mine without exception, barre or clause:
Come, come, restore. *La.* The fellow's mad I thinke.
Thr. I was not mad before I married,
But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me,
That know I not. *I T* Fellows come in there. *Ent. 2. or 3. ser.*
By this sir you confesse you stole my Neece,
And I attach you heere of fellony:
Lay hold on him: Ile make my *Mittimus*,
And send him to the Iayle: haue we no barre
Nor clause to hamper you, away with him,
Those clawes shall claw you to a barre of shame,
Where thou shalt shew thy Goll, Ile barre your claime,
If I be *Iustice Tutchin*. *Thr.* Hands off you slaues,
Oh! fauour my Ierkin, though you teare my flesh,

Iset

I set more store by that: my *Audite*
Querela shall be heard, and with a *Certiorare*
Ile fetch her from you with a pox. *Enter Beard.*

Bea. What's heere to do? is all the world in armes?
More tumults, brawles, and insurrections,
Is bloud the Theame whereon our time must treat.

Thr. Heer's *Beard* your Butler: a rescue *Beard*; draw,

Bea. Draw? not so: my Blad's as ominously drawne
Vnto the death of nine or ten such groomes,
As is a knife vnsheath'd with th'hungry maw,
Threatning the ruine of a chine of Beefe:
But for the restlesse toile it tooke of late,
My blade shall sleepe awhile. *Th.* Helpe. *Be.* Stop thy *Throate*,
And heare me speake, whose bloody Characters,
Will shew I haue beene scuffling: briefly thus,
Thy wife, your daughter, and your louely Neece,
Is hurri'd now to Fleet-street, the damn'd crew
With glaues and clubs haue rapt her from these armes,
Throate thou ert bobd, although thou boughtst the heyre,
Yet hath the slaue made a re-entry.

I.Tu. Sirra, what are you? *Thr.* My [illegible] Butler sir.

Bea. Not I by heauen. *Thr.* By this good light he swore it,
And for your daughters loue he ran away.

Bea. By *Ione* I guld thee *Throte*. *I.Tu.* More knauery yet.
Lay hands on him, pinion them both,
And guard them hence towards Fleet-streete, come away.

Bea. Must we be led like theeues, and pinniond walke,
Spent I my bloud for this? is this my hyre?
Why then burne rage, set Beard and nose on fire.

Iu.Tu. On, on I say, *Thr.* Iustice, the law shall firke you.

Actus Quinti. Scæna 1.

Enter Williams Smalshanke.

W.S. On this one houre depends my hopes and fortunes,
Foote I must haue this widdow: what should my Dad
Make with a wife, that scarce can wipe his nose,
Vnrusse his points, or hold a Chamber-pot
Steddy till a pisses: The doores are fast,
Tis now the midst of night; yet shall this chaine,

Procure accesse and conference with the widdow:
What though I cheate my father, all men haue sinnes,
Though in their seuerall kinds, all ends in this,
So they get gold, they care not whose it is,
Begging the Court, vse beares the Citty out,
Lawyers their quirkes, thus goes the world about,
So that out villanies haue but different shapes,
Th'effects all one, and poore men are but Apes
To imitate their betters, this is the difference,
All great mens sinnes must still be humored,
And poore mens vices largely punished,
The priuiledge that great men haue in euill,
Is this they go vnpunisht to the Diuell:
Therefore Ile in, this chaine I know will mooue,
Gold and rich stones, wins coyest ladies loue. *knockes.*

Adr. What would you sir, that you do knock so boldly.

W.S. I must come in to the widdow. *Adr.* How come in,
The widdow has no entrance for such mates.

W.S. Doost here sweet Chamber-maid, by heauen I come,
With letters from my father, I haue brought her stones,
Iewels and chaines [illegible] she must vse to morrow.

Adr. Y are a needy [illegible], and will lye:
Your father has casheerd you, nor will a trust you,
Begon, least I doe wash you hence. *W.S.* Doost here,
By this good night, my Father and I are friends,
Take but this chaine for token, giue her that,
And tell her I haue other things for her,
Which by my fathers will I am commanded
To giue to her owne hands. *Adr.* Say you so,
Introth I thinke youle prooue an honest man,
Had you once got a beard: let me see the cheine,

W.S. Doost thinke I lye? by this light *Adriana*
I loue her with my soule, heer's letters
And other Iewels sent her from my father,
Is she a bed. *Adr.* By my verginity,
Shee is vneas'd, and ready to slip in,
Betwixt the sheetes, but I will beare her this,
And tell her what you say. *W.S.* But make some hast,
Why so t'will take, zart how a wayting maide,

Can shake a fellow vp that is casheerd,
And has no mony foote should she keepe the chaine,
And not come downe, I must turne citizen,
Be banckrout, and craue the Kings protection,
But here she comes *Taf.* What would you sir with vs,
That on the suddaine, and so late you come.
W.S. I haue some secrets to acquaint you with,
Please you to let the chamber-maide shake off,
And [illegible] as Centinell *Taf.* It shall not need,
[illegible] I haue not brought her vp so ill,
But that she knowes how to containe your secrets,
As well as I her Mistresse: therefore on,
W.S. Is is not fit forsooth that I should on,
Before she leaue the roome. *Adr.* Tis not indeed,
Therefore Ile waite in the with-drawing roome,
Vntill you call. *Taf.* Now sir, what's your will?
W.S. Deere widdow, pitty the state of a young,
Poore, yet propper Gentleman, by *Venus* pap
Vpon my knees I de creep into your lap.
For one small drop of sauour [illegible] though this face,
Is not the finest face, yet [illegible]
By Ladies of good iudgment in [illegible]
Taf. Are these your secrets? W.S. You shall haue secrets,
More pleasing may here sweet widdow,
Some wantons-doe delight to see men creepe,
And on their knees to woe them *Taf*, I am none of those,
Stand vp, I more desire a man should stand,
Then cringe and creepe, that meanes to winne my loue,
Pray stand vp, and let me goe ye'ad best.
W.S. For euer let me creepe vpon the ground,
Vnlesse you here my sute. *Taf.* How now sir sawce,
Would you be capring in your fathers saddle,
Away you casheerd yonger brother begon,
Doe not I know the fashions of you all,
When a poore woman has laid open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy,
But when wise maides dissemble and keepe close,
Then you poore snakes come creeping on your bellies,
And with all oyled lookes prostrate your selues

Before our beauties ſunne, where once but warme,
Like hatefull ſnakes you ſtrike vs with your ſtings,
And then forſake vs, I know your tricks, begon.
W.S. Foote Ile firſt be hang'd, nay if you go
You ſhall leaue your ſmock behinde you widdow,
Keepe cloſe your womaniſh weapon, hold your tongue,
Nor ſpeake, cough, ſneeze or ſtampe, for if you doe,
By this good blade Ile cut your throte directly,
Peace, ſtirre not, by Heauen Ile cut your throte
If you but ſtirre; ſpeake not, ſtand ſtill, go to,
Ile teach coy widdowes a new way to woe.
Come you ſhall kiſſe, why ſo, Ile ſtab by Heauen
If you but ſtirre, now heere, firſt kiſſe againe,
Why ſo, ſtirre not, Now come I to the point,
My hopes are paſt, nor can my preſent ſtate,
Affoord a ſingle halfe-penny, my father
Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids,
To ſteale, the law, the hang man, and the Rope
With one conſent deny: to go a truſt,
The Citty common-councell has forbad it,
Therefore my ſtate is deſperate, ſtirre not,
And I by much will rather chooſe to hang,
Then in a ditch or priſon-hole to ſtarue,
Reſolue, wed me, and take me to your bed,
Or by my ſoule Ile ſtraite cut off your head,
Then kill my ſelfe, for I had rather dye,
Then in a ſtreet liue poore and lowſily:
Doe not I know you cannot loue my father.
A widdow that has knowne the *quid* of things,
To doate vpon an old and craſed man,
That ſtinkes at both ends, worſſe then an elder pype,
Who when his bloud and ſpirit are at the height,
Hath not a member to his palſie body.
But is more limber then a Kings-head pudding
Tooke from the pot halfe ſod, do I not know this?
Haue you not wealth enough, to ſerue vs both?
And am not I a pritty handſome fellow,
To doe your drudgery, come, come, reſolue,
For by my bloud, if you deny your bed,

Ile cut your throat, without equiuocation,
If you be pleased hold vp your finger, if not
By heauen Ile gar my whyniard through your weombe,
Ist a match. *Taf.* Here me but speake. *W.S.* Youle prate to loud.
Taf. No. *W.S.* Nor speake one word against my honest sute.
Ta. No by my worth. *W.S.* Kisse vpon that and speake.
Taf. I dare not wed: men say y'are naught, youle cheate,
And you do keepe a whore. *W.S.* That is a lye,
She keepes her selfe and me, yet I protest,
Shees not dishoneſt. *Ta.* How could she then maintaine you,
W S. Why by her commings in, a little thing,
Her friends haue left her, which with putting to best vse,
And often turning, yeelds her a poore liuing,
But what of that; shees now shooke off, to thee
Ile onely cleaue, Ile be thy marchant,
And to this wealthy faire, Ile bring my ware,
And here set vp my standing: therefore resolue,
Nought but my sword is left, ist be a match,
Clap hands, contract and straite to bed,
If not, pray, forgiue and straight goes off your head.
Ta. I take thy loue. *W.S.* Then straite lets both to bed,
Ta. Ile wed to morrow. *W.S.* You shall not sleepe vpon't,
An honest contract is as good as marriage.
A bird in hand you know the prouerbe widdow.
Taf. To let me tell thee, Ile loue thee while I liue,
For this attempt, giue me that lusty lad,
That winnes his widdow with his well drawne blade,
And not with oaths and words: a widdows wooing,
Not in bare words, but should consist in dooing,
I take thee to my husband, *W.S.* I thee to wife,
Now to thy bed, and there weele end this strife.

Enter Sir Oliuer and Fidlers.

S.O. Warme bloud, the yong mans slaue, the old mans God,
Makes me so stirre thus soone, it stirs i faith,
And with a kinde of itching pricks me on,
To bid my bride *boun Iour*, O this desire,
Is euen another filtcht *Promethian* fire,
By which we old men liue, performance then,
I thats poore old mens baine, that in old men

Comes limping off more lame God knowes then he,
Which in a close, a hot and dangerous fight,
Has bin dismembred, and craues by letter pattents:
Yet scarce a woman that considers this.
Women haue tricks, fitkes, and farthinggales,
A generation are they full of subtilty,
And all most honest where they want the meanes
To be otherwise. Therefore Ile haue an eye,
My widdow goes not oft to visit kinsfolkes:
By birth she is a Ninny, and that I know,
Is not in London held the smalest kindred,
I must haue wits and braines, come on my friends,
Out with your tooles, and toot, a strane of mirth,
And a pleasant song to wake the widdow.

Enter W.S. *aboue in his shirt.*

W.S. Musitions, minstrils, foote rogues,
For Gods loue leaue your filthy squeaking noyse
And get you gone, the widdow and my selfe,
Will scamble out the shaking of the sheets
Without your musick: we haue no need of fidlers
To our dancing, foote haue you no manners,
Cannot a man take his naturall rest
For your scraping, I shall wash your gut-strings,
If you but stay a while: yet honest rascalls,
If youle let vs haue the tother crash,
The widdow and Ile keepe time, there's for your paines.

S.O. Hows this? will the widdow and you keepe time,
What trick? what quiddit? what segare is this?
My cashеerd Sonne speake from the widdowes chamber,
And in his shirt ha, sure she is not there,
Tis so she has tooke him in for pitty,
And now remooues her chamber I will home,
On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
Eate cloues, Eringoes, and drinke some Aquauita
To sweeten breath, and keepe my weame from wambling.
Then like the moneth of March, come blustring in,
Marry the widdow, shake vp this springall,
And then as quiet as a sucking lambe,
Close by the widdow will I rest all night,

As for my breath I haue crotchets and deuiſes,
„ Ladies ranke breaths are often healpt with ſpices.
Enter Adriana, and another ſtrawing hearbes.
Adr. Come ſtraw a pace, Lord ſhall I neuer liue,
To walke to Church on flowers. O tis fine,
To ſee a bride trip it to Church ſo lightly,
As if her new choppines would ſcorne to bruze
A ſilly flower? and now I prethee tell me,
What flower thinkeſt thou is likeſt to a woman?
Vi. A mary gold I thinke *Adr.* Why a marygold?
Vi. Becauſe a little heate makes it to ſpred,
And open wide his leaues. *Adr.* Th'art quite wide,
A marygold doth open wide all day,
And ſhuts moſt cloſe at night; I hope thou knowſt,
All wenches doe the contrary: but ſirra,
How does thy Vncle the old Doctor,
Dooſt thinke heele be a Biſhop? *Vi.* O queſtionleſſe,
For has got him a young wife, and carried her,
To Court already: but now I prethee ſay,
Why will the widdow wed ſo old a knight,
Adri. Why for his riches. *Vi.* For riches onely,
Why riches cannot giue her her delight.
Adr. Ritches I hope can ſoone procure her one,
Shall giue her her delight; thats the Diuell,
Thats it ifaith makes vs waiting gentlewomen
Liue maides ſo long. *Vi.* Thinke you ſo. *Adr.* Yes inſaith,
Married women quite haue ſpoiled the market,
By hauing ſecret friends beſides their husbands,
For if theſe married wiues would be content
To haue but one a peece, I thinke in troth,
There would be dooings enough for vs all,
And till we get an act of parliament,
For that our ſtates are deſperate.
Enter Boucher and Conſtan;
Come ſtraw a pace. *Con.* So ho ho, Maiſter. *Bou.* Boy,
Con. Introth I thought y'ad beene more faſt a ſleepe,
Then a midwife, or a Puritane Taylor,
At a ſonday euenings Lecture: but ſir
Why do you riſe ſo ſoone? *Bou.* To ſee the widdow.

Con. The weaker you, you are forbid a widdow,
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
Me thinkes a yong cleere skind country Gentlewoman,
That neuer saw Baboones, Lyons, or Courtiers,
Might prooue a handsome wife, or what do you say
To a Cittizens daughter, that neuer was in loue
With a Player, that neuer learnt to dance,
That neuer dwelt neere any Inne a Court,
Might not she in time prooue an honest wife?
Faith take a maide, and leaue the widdow, Maister
Of all meates I loue not a gaping Oyster, (mistake,
Bon God speed your workes faire maides. *Adr.* You much
Tis no worke. *Bon.* What then. *Adr.* A preparation
To a worke sir. *Bon.* What worke sweet Ladies?
Adr. Why to a mariage? thats a worke I thinke.
Bon. How? a preparation to a mariage,
Of whom kind maids, of whom? *Adr.* And why kind maides?
I hope you haue had no kindnesse at our hand
To make you say so: but sir vnderstand,
That Sir *Oliuer Smale-shanke*; the noble Knight,
And mistresse *Tafata* the rich widdow,
Must this day be coupled, conioyned,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or as the Puritaine sayes, put together,
And so sir, to the shifting of our cleane smocks,
Wee leaue you. *Bon.* Married, and to day,
Dissention, iealousie, hate, beggery,
With all the dire euents which breed dislike
In nuptiall beds, attend her brideall steps,
Can vowes and othes, with such protelling action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their soules were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Haue I for her contem'd my fixed fate,
Neglected my faire hopes, and scorn'd the loue
Of beautious, vertuous, and honor'd *Constantia*.
Con. Now workes it with my wish: my hopes are full.
Bon. And I ingag'd my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffolne face, to haue men scorne,

And point at my disgrace: first will I leaue to liue:
There take my purse, liue thou to better fate, *Bench. hangs*
Better thus dye, then liue vnfortunate. *himselfe.*
Con. Aye me accurst: helpe, helpe, murther, murther,
Curst be the day and houre that gaue me breath,
Murther, murther: if any Gentleman
Can heare my plaints, come forth and assist me.
W.S. What out-cryes call me from my naked bed,
Who calls *Ieronimo*, speake here I am,
Con. Good sir leaue your struggling and acting,
And helpe to saue the life of a distressed man,
O helpe if you be Gentlemen. W S. Whats here?
A man hangd vp, and all the murtherers gone?
And at my doore, to lay the guilt on me.
This place was made to pleasure Cittizens wiues, *Enter*
And not to hang vp honest Gentlemen. *Tafata.*
Taf. Where be these lazie knaues? some raise the house,
What meant the cry of murther? where's my loue?
W.S. Come *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.
These clothes I oft haue seene, aye me my friend:
Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.
Con. It shall not need, a stirres, giue him breath,
W.S. Is there yet life, *Horatio* my deere boy,
Horatio! *Horatio*, what hast thou mis-done,
To lose thy life, when life was new begun?
Bon Zeart a man had as good be hangd outright,
As to indure this clapping: shame to thy sexe,
Perfidious periur'd woman, where's thy shame?
How can thy modesty forbeare to blush,
And knowst I know thee an adultresse?
Haue not thy vowes made thee my lawfull wife
Before the face of heauen? where is thy shame?
But why speake I of shame to thee, whose face
Is steel'd with custom'd sinne, whose thoughts want grace:
The custome of thy sinne so lulls thy sence:
VVomen nere blush, though nere so foule th'offence,
To breake thy vow to me, and straight to wed,
A doting stincker. VV.S. But hold your tongue,

Or by this light Ile truſſe you vp againe;
Dearr raile on my wife, am I a ſtinkerd,
Or do I dote? ſpeake ſuch another word,
And vp you truſſe againe, am I a ſtinkerd?
Bon. The knight your father is. *W.S.* Why who denies it,
He ſupplants thee, and I ſupplanted him:
Come, come, you ſhall be friends, come forgiue her a
For by this light there is no remedy,
Vnleſſe you will betake you to my leauings.
Con. Rather then ſo, Ile helpe you to a wife:
Rich, well borne, and by ſome accounted faire,
And for the worth of her Virginity,
I dare preſume to pawne my honeſty:
What ſay you to *Conſtantia Somerfield*?
W.S. Do'ſt know where ſhe is boy? *Con.* I do, nay more,
If he but ſweare to imbrace her conſtant loue,
Ile fetch her to this place. *W.S.* A ſhall do it boy,
Enter Sir Oliuer and Fidlers.
A ſhall do it, goe fetch her boy, ſoote my father,
Stand too't now old wench, ſtand too't now.
S.Ol. Now freſh and youthfull as the month of May,
Ile bid my Bride good morrow, Muſitions on,
Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthood ſpurres,
This yeare you ſhall haue my protection,
And yet not buy your liuery coates your ſelues:
God morrow Bride, freſh, freſh, as the month of May,
I come to kiſſe thee on thy wedding day.
W.S. Sauing your tale ſir, Ile ſhew you how,
Aprill ſhowers ſpring May flowers,
So merrily ſings the Cucko;
The truth is, I haue laide my kniſe abord,
The widdow ſir is wedded. *S.Ol.* Ha. *W.S.* Bedded. *S.Ol.* ha
W.S. Why my good father what ſhould you do with a wife?
Would you be creſted? will you needs thruſt your head
In one of Vulcans Helmets? will you perforce,
Weare a Citty cappe and a Court feather?
S.O. Villaine, ſlaue, thou haſt wrong'd my wife. *W.S.* not ſo,
Speake my good wench, haue I not done thee right,
Taf. I find no fault, and I proteſt *Sir Oliuer*,

I'd not haue loſt the laſt two houres ſleepe,
I had by him, for all the wealth you haue.
S.Ol. Villaine ſlaue, Ile hang thee by the ſtatute,
Thou haſt two wiues. *W.S.* Be not ſo furious ſir.
I haue but this, the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honeſt Lawyer.
S.Ol. Thou villaine ſlaue thou haſt abuſ'd thy father.
Bon. Your ſonne i faith, your very ſonne i faith,
The villaine boy has one tricke of his ſire,
Has firkt away the wench, has pierſt the hogſhead,
And knowes by this the vintadge. *S.Ol.* I am vndone.
Bon. You could not loue the widdow but her wealth,
S.Ol. The deuill take my ſoule but I did loue her.
Taf. That oath doth ſhew you are a Northen Knight,
And of all men a liue, Ile neuer truſt,
A Northen man in loue. *S.Ol.* And why? and why ſlut.
Taf. Becauſe the firſt word he ſpeakes is the Diuell
Take his ſoule, and who will giue him truſt,
That once has giuen his ſoule vnto the Diuell,
W.S. She ſayes moſt true father, the ſoule once gon,
The beſt part of a man is gone. *Taf.* And i faith.
If the beſt part of a man is gone,
The reſt of the body is not worth a ruſh,
Though it be neere ſo handſome.
Enter La. Somerfield, Throte and Beard bound, and Iu. Tutch.
La.S. Bring them away. *W.S.* How now?
My Lawyer pinion'd, I begin to ſtinke
Already. *La.S.* Cheater my daughter. *W.S.* Shee's mad.
Thr. My wife ſir, my wife. *W.S.* Thei're mad, ſtarke mad,
I am ſorry ſir you haue loſt thoſe happy wits
By which you liu'd ſo well. The ayre growes cold,
Therefore Ile take my leaue. *La.So.* So ſtay him officers,
Sir'tis not your tickes of wit can carry it.
Officers attach him, and this Gentleman,
For ſtealing away my heire. *W.S.* You do me wrong,
Zart I neuer ſaw your heire. *Thr.* That's a lye,
You ſtole her, and by chance I married her.
W.S. God giue you ioy ſir. *Thr.* Aske the Butler elſe,
Therefore widdow releaſe me, for by no law,

Statute or booke case, of *Vicesimo*
Edwardi Secundi not by the Statute
Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,
Nor by any booke case of *decimo*
Of the late Queene, am I accessarie,
Part, or party confederate, abetter,
Helper, seconder, perswader, forwarder,
Principall or maintainer of this late theft:
But by law, I forward, and shee willing,
Clapt vp the match, and by a good Statute
Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
She is my lefull, lawfull, and my true
Married wife, *testa Lieftenant Beard.*

W.S. Who liues, would thinke that you could prate so fast,
Your hands being bound behind you, foote a talkes
With as much ease as if a were in's shirt.

S.Ol. I am witnesse thou hadst the heire. *I.Tu.* So am I.

Thr. And so is my man *Dosse Bom.* Heere me but speake,
Sit you as Iudges, vndoe the Lawyers hands,
That a may freely act, and Ile be bound
That *William Smalshankes* shall put your *Throate* to silence,
And ouer-throw him at his owne weapon.

Iu.Tu. Agreed, take each his place, and heere the case
Argued betwixt them two. *Om.* Agreed, agreed.

I.Tu. Now *Throate* or neuer, stretch your selfe, *Thr.* Feare not.

W.S. Here stand I for my client, this Gentleman,

Thr. I for the widdow. *W.S.* Begin. *Thr.* Right worshipfull
I say that *William Smal-shanke* mad-man,
Is by a Statute made in *Octauo*
Of *Richard Cordelion*, guilty to the law
Of fellony, for stealing this Ladies heire,
That a stole her, the proofe is most pregnant,
He brought her to my house, confest himselfe,
A made great meanes to steale her, I like her.
(And finding him a nouice) truth to tell,
Married her my selfe, and as I said,
By a Statute *Richardi Quarti*,
Shee is my lawfull wife. *W.S.* For my client,
I say the wench brought vnto your house,

Was not the daughter to rich *Somerfield*.
S.O. What proofe of that? *W.S.* This gentleman. *Th.* I'm true.
Hee is a party in the cauſe, but ſir,
If twere not the daughter to this good widdow,
Who was it? anſwer that. *W.S.* An arrant whore,
VVhich you haue married, and ſhe is runne
Away with all your Iewels, this is true:
And this Lieutenant *Beard* can teſtifie,
Twas the wench I kept in Hoſier-lane.
Bea. VVhat was it ſhee? *W.S.* The very ſame.
I.Tu. Speake ſirra *Beard*, if all he ſayes be true.
Bea. Shee ſaid ſhe was a Punke, a Rampant whore,
VVhich in her time had beene the cauſe of arting
Some foureteene bawdes; he kept her in the Suburbs,
Yet i do thinke this wench was not the ſame.
Bou. The caſe is cleere with me. *Om.* O ſtrange. *Th.* Sir, ſir,
This is not true, how liu'd you in the Suburbs,
And ſcapt ſo many ſearches? VV.S. I anſwer,
That moſt Conſtables in our-pariſhes
Are bawdes themſelues; by which we ſcapt the ſearches.
S.Ol. This is moſt ſtrange. *La.S.* What's become of this wo-
Bea. That know not I. As I was ſquiring her (man
A long the ſtreete, Maiſter *Smal-ſhanke* ſet vpon me,
Beate me downe, and tooke away the maide,
Which I ſuppoſe was daughter to the widdow.
W.S. A lyes, let me be hang'd if a lye not.
S.Ol. What confuſion is this. *Con.* Bring them forward.
God preſerue your worſhip. And it like you Maddam,
We were commanded by our deputy,
That if we tooke a woman in the watch,
To bring her ſtraight to you. And hearing there
You were come hether, hether we brought them.
S.Ol. The one is my ſonne, I doe acknowledge him.
VVhat woman's that. *T.S.* The widdowes daughter ſir.
W.S. Bloud is he guld to. *T.S.* My brother ſtole her firſt.
Throte coozend him, and I had coozned *Throte*,
Had not the Conſtable tooke vs in the watch.
Shee is the widdowes daughter, had I had luck.
Thr. And my eſpouſed wife. *La.S.* Vnmaske her face,

My daughter I defie her: W.S. Your worships wife,
Thr. I am guld and abus'd, and by a Statute
Of *Tricesimo* of the late Queene,
I will Star-chamber you all for coolonage,
And be by law diuorst. W.S. Sir 'twill not hold,
Shee's your leefull, lawfull, and true wedded wife,
Teste Lieftenant Beard. *Bea.* Wast you that brake my head?
W.S. But why shouldst thinke much to dye a Cuckold,
Being borne a Knaue? as good Lawyers as you
Scorne not hornes. *Thr.* I am guld, aye me accurst!
Why should the harmlesse man be vext with hornes,
When women most deserue them? W.S. Ile shew you sir,
The husband is the wiues head, and I pray
Where should the hornes stand but vpon the head:
Why wert not thou begot (thou foolish knaue)
By a poore Sumner, on a Sergiants widdow?
Wert not thou a Puritane, and put in trust
To gather releefe for the distressed *Geneua*,
And didst not thou leaue thy poore bretheren,
And runne away with all the money, speake,
Was not that thy first riding? go,
Y'are well coupled by *Ione* yee are, she is
But a yonger sister, newly come to towne,
Shee's currant mettle, not a penny the worse
For a little vse, whole within the Ring,
By my soule. *Bea.* Will a take her thinkst thou?
Bon. Yes faith, vpon her promise of amendment.
I. Tut. The Lawyer is guld.
Thr. Am I thus ouer-reach'd, to haue a wife,
And not of the best neither? *Fra.* Good sir be content,
A Lawyer should make all things right and straight,
All lyes but in the handling, I may prooue
A wife that shall deserue your best of loue.
S. *Ol.* Take her *Throte*, you haue a better iewell now
Then euer, kisse her, kisse her man, all friends.
L. *Sa.* Yet in this happy close, I still haue lost
My onely daughter. W.S. Wher's thy Page *Boutcher*?
Con. Here I present the Page: and that all doubts,
May heere be cleerd, heere in my propper shape,

That

That all your ioyes may bee compleat and full,
I muſt make one, with pardon gentle mother,
Since all our friends ſo happily are met.
Here will I chooſe a husband: this be the man,
Whom ſince I left your house in shape of Page,
I ſtill haue followed W.S. Fool would I had knowne so much,
I would haue beene bold to haue lain with your page.
Con. Say am I welcome. *Bou.* Ay is my life and soule,
La.S. Heauen giue you ioy,
Since all ſo well ſucceeds, take my consent.
W.S. Then are we all pair'd, I and my lasse,
You and your wife, the lawyer and nunne wench,
And father fall you aborde of the widdow,
But then my brother. T.S. Faith I am a foole.
W.S. Thats all one; If God had not made
Some elder-brothers fooles, how ſhould witty
Yonger brothers be maintain'd,
Strike vp Muſick, lets haue an old ſong,
Since all my tricks haue found ſo good ſucceſſe,
VVeele ſing, dance, dice, and drinke downe heauineſſe.

FINIS.

Epilogus.

Thus two houres have brought to end,
What many tedious houres have pend,
A dares not glory nor diskust,
But he (as other writers must)
Submits the censures of his paines
To those whose wit and [illegible] braines,
Are able [illegible] to judge: and as for some,
Who fil'd with malice, hether came
To belch their poyson on his labour,
Of them he doth intreat no fauour,
But bids them hang, or soone amend,
For worth shall still it selfe defend,
And for our selues wee doe desire,
Teuse breath on vs that growing fire,
By which in time wee may obtaine,
Like fauours which some others gaine:
For bee assur'd our loues shall tend,
To equall theirs, if not transcend.

FINIS.

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